

# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 1668.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

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**COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR.**—The LECTURES of Prof. KEY, A.M., for the present Session, will begin on WEDNESDAYS, at a quarter-past 4 r.m., commencing on Wednesday, October the 19th. Fee, 1l.  
F. W. NEWMAN, Dean of Faculty of Arts and Laws.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.  
University College, London, October 5, 1859.

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MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

A Class will meet, by permission of the Council, at University College, London, early in October, for the purpose of reading the Subjects required at the Matriculation Examination to be held in January, 1860.

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WINTER SESSION, 1859-60.

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## LITERATURE

*The Legend of Ages*—[*La Légende des Siècles*].  
By Victor Hugo. (Brussels, Meline & Co.;  
London, Barthes & Lowell.)

A Legend in two volumes, containing about 800 pages of verse, is a startling matter in these days. In the case before us it is especially so, for the author informs us that the "Legend" is only the preface to a vast series to come, —the overture to a gigantic opera,—an immense brick of the tower yet to be erected,—a stupendous fragment of a mighty whole yet to be achieved—by somebody. The fragment, however, we are told, is complete in itself, existing apart, and including an exposition, a middle, and a logical conclusion.

How can a beginning be also an ending? Victor Hugo both puts and answers the question. "Just as a peristyle is an edifice." Aye, but a peristyle two days' journey in length is likely to prevent a great portion of the public from ever entering the temple.

"Not at all," is the author's conclusion. Perfection is—perfection. "The tree, foundation of the forest, is a whole. It belongs to isolated life by the root, to common life by the sap. In itself, it only proves—the tree; but it announces the forest." True, but a forest of Brobdingnagian trees, each a couple of miles in girth, would take half a lifetime to walk through.

The fact, however, is that the author does not render justice to himself. These volumes do not consist of one overwhelming, prolegomenical legend, but of a score or two of legends, some solemn, some light, none trivial—all finished off with wonderful care, yet exhibiting, here and there, a droll line or a queer sentiment, in the midst of severe argument or elevated narrative; and all aiming at an *excelsior* from the separate ground of each, yet sometimes dropping plump, after an old confirmed fashion of *bathos*.

There is one great satisfaction for the reader who peruses and studies this brightly-varied series of legends. Throughout, the voice, tone, and dignity of the poet alone are visible. If there be political satire in any portion of the volumes, it is so slight as to almost defy detection. The chords of the lyre are swept by the true bard, not torn asunder by an angry minstrel. The singer forgets, for the moment, all but his song, and we no longer see talent marred by temper unrestrained.

The philosopher and the poet are here united in one, and there is a dash of humour in them, now and then, which does no discredit to either. What the united singer and commentator here gives is nothing less than "successive impressions of the human profile, from date to date, from Eve, the mother of men, down to the Revolution, the mother of peoples;—impressions taken, sometimes from barbarism, sometimes from civilization, but almost always from the historical life; impressions moulded from the masks of ages." When the whole is concluded, the public will possess a complete collection,—a "gallery of the human medal," showing how with each age the physiognomy of humanity undergoes a change,—the reflects of some of which changes are shadowed forth in the 'Legend of Ages.' The manner of the singer and the song is, perhaps, best indicated by his own words explanatory of the matter in these volumes: "Mankind," he says, "considered as a great collective individuality, and achieving, from epoch to epoch, a series of acts upon earth, has two aspects,—the historical aspect and the legendary aspect. The second is not less truth-

ful than the first; the first is not less conjectural than the second."

Victor Hugo must not be mistaken as placing the legend writer on a level with the historian,—but he insists on a certain place for, and appreciation of, legend in historical matters,—and as a mark of the respective value at which he estimates the writers of history and legend together, he gives it in one sentence,—"Herodotus makes history, Homer makes the legend."

Of course, there is much to be considered before Victor Hugo's conclusions on this subject are accepted; but we leave that consideration to others,—intimating here by the way that some of his own legends, beautiful as the lines may be, are in truth as obscure as that Homeric hymn, 'In Cereem,' for the unravelling of which, as far as it alludes to the Eleusinian mysteries, a learned Dutch Society has offered a modest reward.

The poet's epochs are thus divided:—'From Eve to Jesus'; eight legends, or legendary odes and ballads. In the first we find, in a pretty—save in one phrase, too highly coloured—poem on Eve, the moral that woman is consecrated by maternity. The second, named 'Conscience,' is a striking picture of the vain struggle of Cain to fly from the "eye," which rests on him, shun it as he will,—behind the carpet of the tent, beneath the stone-roof of the ramparted dwelling, or within the brazen tower that could not shut out the "eye" that looked at him, unceasingly, from the one corner of the skies. At length, the wretched fratricide takes refuge in a cave dug out expressly for the purpose of concealing him from the eye that gazes at him, by night as by day, from the heavens. Up to this point the figures and grouping are superb,—relieved, too, by the touching traits of affection of innocent child for guilty father. But, at the end, we have this curious scene:—

Puis il descendit seul sous cette voûte sombre :—  
Quand il se fut assis sur sa chaise dans l'ombre,  
Et qu'on eut sur son front fermé le souterrain,  
L'œil était dans la tombe, et regardait Cain.

—The whole is spoiled by the common-place circumstance of the way-worn and mind-worn wanderer "taking a chair." Surely, the legend here is not on a level with history.

The third illustration of the period 'From Eve to Jesus' is to show that 'Power equals Goodness,' in this way: Eblis vaunts his ability to excel all created things, if the Creator will allow him the same means. All he asks is granted, and all that he can accomplish is—a shrimp; which we take to be more than the fallen angel ever effected. He is described, however, as producing the spider, which he insultingly flings at the Deity,—by whom it is, at a word, converted into a sun! Of the remaining legends of the first epoch, some idea may be formed from what we have said of the preceding. Their great beauty lies in their picturesque detail; this is perfect, and the images remain impressed on the mind, not to be readily forgotten. What they actually teach is another question. The author himself fancies the object he has in view may be too subtle for the world to comprehend; meanwhile, if you cannot comprehend the purpose of the structure, admire its beauty and be thankful.

From the closing subject of the first period, 'Christ at the Tomb' (of Lazarus), Victor Hugo passes to that of the 'Décadence de Rome,' which he illustrates in some crisp lines to the Lion of Androcles,—saying of the beast that he behaved as a man (ought) when men were behaving as beasts. A triad of poems serve to depict Islamism; five exemplify the "heroic Christian cycle"; and three are given to "Knights-Errant," involving, however, above a couple of dozen of episodal ballads and metri-

cal histories. 'The Thrones of the East' are then raised before us in three pictorial poems, which bring the first volume to a sparkling conclusion.

The Spanish ballads in the 'Knights-Errant,' beautiful as they are, will perhaps be less admired than the Italian stories in the illustrations of 'Italy,' by which the second volume is opened. 'The Sixteenth Century' is equally spirited; in the story of the 'Infanta's Rose,' an artist might find suggestions for a picture in every line. Nearly as much may be said of 'The Inquisition,' and the 'Song of the Sea-Adventurers' is one of the most original lays of the sort ever imagined by poet or chanted by minstrel, and gaily demonstrating how, as the Chorus says,—

On sailing from Otranto  
We mustered,—thirty men;  
But when we came to Cadix,  
We counted,—only ten.

'The Mercenaries,' illustration of a succeeding age, abounding in truth, satire, and sarcasm, contrasting the eagles of Austria and Switzerland, and rendering sublime justice to the men, as well as to the country, of lakes and mountains, might create a reputation for a hitherto unknown poet, were it not for some of those "audacious" figures of speech in which Victor Hugo loves to indulge. Take, as a sample, the lines in which he grandly warns any assailant, or would-be violator of the liberty of Switzerland, of his danger,—telling him that if he dared lay his finger on the robe of the Jung-Frau, that virgin-mountain, with a hurricane on her shoulders, would "spit an avalanche in the fellow's face":—

Qu'après avoir dompté l'Athos, quelques Alexandre,  
Sorte de héros monstre, aux cornes de taureau,  
Aille donc relever sa robe à la Jung-Frau,—  
Comme la vierge ayant l'ouragan sur l'épaule  
Crachera l'avalanche à la face du drôle.

—Amazingly difficult to paint, that!

Probably, the portion of these volumes that will be first looked into with most interest, is that under the heading of 'Now' ('*Maintenant*'). Here, if anywhere, the satirist and his whip of fire were to be looked for. But the search will be in vain; the present period is illustrated by four brief poems,—'After the Battle,' 'The Toad,' 'The Poor,' 'Words on Trial'; all these contain nothing that can render uneasy the digestion of an Imperial *prîfet*. In the first alone, where a hussar gives a draught of water to a wounded foeman, who had endeavoured to shoot the giver as he was performing his task, or duty, of humanity, can we imagine a trace of meaning otherwise than what is presented by the words. There, perhaps, the author hints at the melancholy contrast presented on the battle-fields of the old empire, and the last European battle-fields of the new,—fields in which were introduced, for the first time, those African savages, the *Turcos*, whose presence in a fight is said to betoken the massacre of the wounded.

With the 'Twentieth Age' the poet enters on the land of dreams; and with the 'Beyond Time,' advances into a region that belongs neither to history nor legend. To a writer of Victor Hugo's power of imagination, such a journey is of course brilliantly detailed; and as the climax of this singular but able introductory work, the figure of the Angel of the Judgment, at the conclusion, his hand extended towards the summoning trumpet, is in magnificent contrast with the exquisite picture of the dawn, in the opening poem on the 'Consecration of Women.'

In closing the pages of these remarkable volumes, we are reminded by their variety, structure, and strong contrasts, of the resemblance which they bear to the author's own

career. They seem, indeed, and are perhaps intended to be, a reflection of a career even more remarkable than the 'Legend' itself. Nearly threescore years have now elapsed since the author first tasted of this bitter life at Besançon. His mother was a Royalist and Voltairian; his father, a Republican volunteer, developing into an ultra-Bonapartist. Victor was moulded by the tastes, opinions, and prejudices of each of his parents,—tastes, opinions, and prejudices the most violent of their sort. While yet a child he saw many lands, and mused by many a sea, and their impressions are on him still. He was long in Spain, and was on the point of being named one of the pages of King Joseph, but the force of events stood in the way of that honour. Nevertheless, the Spanish ballads and dramas of Victor Hugo are all the more life-like for this long and early draught of Spanish air; and it may be questioned even if 'La Rose de l'Infanta,' the exquisite apologue in the work before us, would have had half its charms but for the nurture of the well-remembered poet. He says, indeed, somewhere of himself, that when he returned to Paris, and dwelt in a solitary suburban house, with no other companions save his mother and an old priest, and no other playing-ground but a walled-in garden, he was serious, haughty, and half Spanish in his disposition. The Spaniard, in fact, has never been out of him, since, at the age of thirteen, he sang of Roland and chivalry.

His home-education entered into another phase at the Restoration of the Bourbons, when his Imperialist father separated from his Legitimist mother. The sentiments of the latter were those adopted by Victor; and, at the College of Louis le Grand, eschewing mathematics for poesy, he composed 'Irtamène,' a tragedy in the severely classical style, an *à propos* tragedy complimentary to the Bourbons, and in which there was no trace of that revolutionary spirit of romanticism which set wild not only the classicists, but the romantic faction, too.

Again, we find his early peculiarities clinging to him. In the 'Legend,' we come wonderfully upon lines of doubtful signification winding up periods of great beauty. It was even so with the poet when, at the age of fifteen, he lost the prize offered by the Academy, because his poem 'On the Advantages of Study' contained two obscure verses.

A true, honest, manly love for a true-hearted, honest, and accomplished girl—boy and girl they were when they first met—was the fountain at which he first quaffed the delicious draughts which gave him strength to grapple with and secure Fame. The tonic has lasted him, hitherto, throughout life; and whenever he has to deal with human affection, the passages seem to us to echo, as in this book, the music of his own old experiences of the harmony of love. Occasionally, there may seem exceptions to this rule; and we are puzzled to determine whether the bard be love-making or writing politics. It was just so in his earlier days, when the pupil of his Voltairian mother and the Author of 'The First Sigh,' or of verses of some such title, seriously, or seeming seriously, declared that in the history of man there is no poesy unless it be viewed from the height of monarchical ideas and of religious belief. Then, too, he cursed the blighting glory of the First Napoleon, shuddered at the liberties taken with the classical rules of poetry by Lamartine, wrote 'Bug Jargal,' and was pensioned by that philosophic sovereign, Louis-Dixhuit!

What, then, was the astonishment of the public, when, now some thirty years since, Victor Hugo, trampling upon rules, unfurled

the flag of Romanticism and tried to sweep from the stage the set-scene and the two chairs, which were the immutable property of the 'Unities' and classical tragedy. To establish Romanticism and crush Corneille and Racine, he brought up his pieces as Napoleon did his artillery against the enemy. From 'Cromwell' to 'Les Burgraves,' they were produced on the stage as the Emperor produced *corps d'armée* after *corps d'armée* on the field to overwhelm the foe and gain new triumphs. At every new success of the dramatic poet, the Romanticists were exultant; and it is even said that after the glorious success of one of this new-school dramas, 'Hernani,' if we remember rightly, the friends of the author closed round him in the saloon of the theatre, and danced a wild dance of triumph to the cry of 'Enfoncé,—Racine!'

The 'Legend' abounds with writing which reminds us of the glories of the short-lived Romantic Era. Short-lived it may be justly called. It began with 'Cromwell,' was at its brightest and best when 'Hernani' was produced, was laughed at when 'Ruy Blas' appeared, and was hissed out with the 'Burgraves.' The enemies of the school thought the author no longer capable of anything; but his odes and lyrics of this and a succeeding era proved that his magic was potent in whatever direction he chose to wave the wand. Traces of this varied magic thickly mark the pages of the 'Legend of Ages.'

The worst change of all was when Victor Hugo began to mingle politics with whatever literary task he was for the moment engaged in. His novels are free, generally speaking, from this defect, but his 'Rhine' is little more than a political pamphlet, written to found an alliance between France and Germany, so as to defy Russia on one side and destroy England on the other. Meanwhile, the Academy opened its doors to him, in 1841, and four years later, Louis-Philippe, very reluctantly, made him a Viscount.

As Victor Hugo has received honours from all Governments, in equal proportion has he been chastized by all. Charles the Tenth interdicted his 'Marion de Lorme,' and the poet became a zealous Orleanist. Louis Philippe interdicted his 'Le Roi s'amuse,' and the noble Viscount welcomed the Republic as heartily as he had advocated permission for the return of the Bonapartes to France. As a Republican, he opposed Cavaignac, but he warmly supported Louis Napoleon, a man who was a Carbonaro when Hugo was a Legitimist,—plotting for the overthrow of monarchs, when the poet was declaring them divine, writing in the *Progrès* against the alleged withering tyranny of Louis-Philippe, and, by the pen of Walewski, in the *Messenger*, shriekingly insisting on more liberty for "poor France"—when the poet was hailing the King as the sage among crowned heads. The two men, ex-Carbonaro and ex-Legitimist, met at last, as Republicans and equals. Louis Napoleon alone profited by his position, and drove the poet into exile,—an exile which has produced these volumes, warm with all the fire and illumined by all the light of the poet's past life. To those acquainted with the incidents of that life, this work will have a wonderfully increased charm, significance, and intelligibility.

We commit the book to its world of readers, as a work to be studied as well as enjoyed, despite its length as a so-called introduction to a grand poetic system, to follow. They who so read and study it will return to it again and again, for there is matter in it for all humours and conditions of mind. We can fancy an Emperor feeling humiliated that the poetic son of the old Imperialist soldier dare not trust the

Imperial word, and sing his own song in France. Meanwhile, "To France," the poet on our old Norman isle in the Channel, dedicates his 'Legend,' with this touching envoi:—

Livre! qu'un vent l'emporte  
En France, où je suis né! —  
L'arbre déraciné  
Donne sa feuille morte.

On the Meteorology of Newport, in the Isle of Wight; as deduced from Observations carried on during the Sixteen Years 1841—56. By J. C. Bloxam. (Ryde, J. Briddon.)

Mr. Bloxam is an observer of the class of which Gilbert White of Selborne is the prototype: the class of observers who sit down in one place, keep hold of one subject, and give and take time. To such observers the sciences of observation have been greatly indebted. In the work before us we have not merely minute and elaborate observations, but full descriptions and tabulated results, comparative information, and some attempts at theory. These we must leave to journals which expressly attend to meteorology. The author prefaces as follows:—

"The attempt has been made to accompany the facts with explanations,—to show how the phenomena which occur contemporaneously are connected together,—what they originate from—and what they lead to. The danger of thus venturing on hypothesis is freely acknowledged; and it has indeed been felt to be a question whether this branch of investigation might not better have been omitted. Theories, however, may be useful for the purpose of arranging, specifying and identifying facts, when in themselves incorrect;—they may be so, even though they should have as little real or essential connexion with the facts, as the figures representing the signs of the zodiac have with the groups of stars to which they are arbitrarily appropriated: and it was thought that by thus showing a relation between the facts, and giving them a combined meaning, some additional interest might be lent to the otherwise dry detail of meteorological statistics. To leave our store of meteorological facts without any explanation seems too much like placing meteorology on the same footing with astronomy divested of the theory of gravitation—atomy or botany divested of physiology—or a collection of hieroglyphics without an interpretation: he who first attempts the interpretation may do good service, even though he should occasionally go astray;—the first road made through a country may be worth the making, though it should prove to be no more than a help towards ascertaining the course which the road should eventually take. There is a great difference between using facts to support theories, and using theories to explain facts: and the process here had recourse to is, that of pointing out the hypothesis which appears to supply a means to explain, and a bond to unite, a number of concurrent facts, the existence and concurrence of which had been previously ascertained with certainty."

Agreeing with all this, we go further. In the matter of meteorology, there is a large and combined attempt to construct a science in Bacon's manner, which, as is now often acknowledged, never gave any success. We are speaking, of course, not of the mythical Bacon, but of the real Bacon of the 'Novum Organum.' Facts are heaped upon facts; volume after volume of observations is printed; the shelves groan with heavy books setting forth how it blew and rained, how the thermometer and barometer behaved, and what the clouds looked like, in all manner of places, and through all manner of recent periods. According to Bacon, when all the facts are collected, we shall construct meteorology as a person constructs a circle with a pair of compasses, with mechanical certainty, and no need of any sagacity. But meteorology has not emerged as yet: the weather-science seems as far off as ever. A few minor indications of law have been col-

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lected, with more or less of doubt about them; but very little in the way of result to show for the patient zeal which has been exerted, and the sums of money which have been spent. The science that is to be, wants its Newton, and an attempt is made to provide him by laying on an unlimited supply of Flamsteeds. The absence of a locomotive is remedied by putting on carriages without end to the train.

What we most need is good attempt at theory from the heads of those who are practised in observation. The thermometer and the barometer may be tabulated, the weather phenomena may be recorded for centuries together without any clue being gained. We are glad, therefore, to meet with a private observer, who aims at the character of a speculator, after good proof given that he is a practised experimenter. In the present state of the subject, any bit of theory which, right or wrong, embodies a parcel of facts is worth volumes of weather records.

*Ceylon: an Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical.* By Sir James Emerson Tennent. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

It may be doubted whether any island, considered with respect to its productions, its traditions, and its political history, possesses such various claims upon our interest as the island Sir Emerson Tennent has so amply illustrated. Centuries before the date of Sindbad or Ulysses, Serendib was fabled as being the dwelling of an Eastern Circe. Arabian stories told how our first parents, on quitting Paradise, found consolation among the spice-bearing woods of Lanka "the resplendent." Embedded in the granite rock, six thousand feet high, is shown a rude foot-print, upon which Buddhist worshippers strew rhododendrons, and which Mohammedans reverence, as that of Adam; while Chinese point to the gems that sparkle on the mountain, as "the crystallized tears" of the first man. If sacred documents were rare, and their meaning forgotten or misunderstood, a sacred bo-tree which had been miraculously transported across the sea, was a visible emblem to the Singhalese of the antiquity of his religion; and to remove all doubt, on solemn feast-days the dalada, or sacred tooth of Buddha, was carried about for the view of the Faithful. In the north of the island were rock temples and dagobas, which, in architectural singularity, might challenge comparison with the Pyramids or the mounds in the valley of the Tigris,—painted chambers, illustrated with the exploits of kingly conquerors, in a state of blissful Nirwana, on whose figures lamps shed "a dim religious light," and round which a continuous perfume of flowers made the air heavy. There, too, sacred books recorded the ancient antediluvian glories of Lanka, where there were 25 palaces, and 400,000 streets, and, in a later period, when men had become wicked and commercial, 100,000 large towns. Buddhist poets, borrowing native images, sang of Serendib as "the pearl on the brow of India"; Chinese, "as the island of jewels"; and Greeks extolled it as "the land of the hyacinth and the ruby." Whether known as Lanka, or Serendib, or even as Tarshish, or Taprobane, it was the great resort of ships and the commercial halting-place between East and West. Down the Persian Gulf to Serendib came slow-sailing ships, laden with embroidered shawls, or carpets, or Persian wine,—came wicker-decked vessels from India with horses, or gold sandalwood, or frankincense,—came Phœnician vessels bringing purple robes, and seeking for ivory, apes, and peacocks,—came curiously carved junks laden with silk, and desirous of

pepper and cinnamon. Singular pleasure the old mariners are reported to have found when they first smelled the spice-trees, and dropped anchor in the still Singhalese waters, forgetting entirely the course of time, and engaging with such eagerness in cock-fighting, as even, upon occasion, to wager the joints of their fingers. Until the time of Alexander, classic Europeans knew little of Taprobane. Mysterious tales were then brought back of its elephants, its ivory, and its tortoises. A Roman revenue galley, caught by the monsoon, and blown on to the pearl banks to the north-west of Taprobane, brought, in the first century, the news to Rome of the coral, the pearls, the tortoise-shell, and the important commercial opening there was in Ceylon. Not till Ptolemy's time, sixty or seventy years later, was it that the island, with its headlands, its harbours, its ports and mountain ranges, became mapped out clearly and distinctly for the European trader or scholar. Curious and exceedingly interesting information "regarding the condition of Ceylon, as it presented itself to the eyes of the Chinese," has been collected by the author from twenty-four Chinese authorities. This bears reference to the Buddhist monasteries, to the vassalage of Ceylon to China in the sixth century, and to the commercial products of the island, among which it is remarkable that cinnamon is not even named. Of the Moorish, Genoese, and Venetian trade with Ceylon, and the state of Ceylon down to its occupation by the Portuguese and the Dutch, Sir Emerson Tennent enters into full details. Yet attractive as without doubt its early records are, these appear to us scarcely to reach the interest which the description of actual Ceylon cannot fail to excite in the reader. To say nothing of the natural or physical marvels of the spot,—the flowers, and plants, and trees, which make Ceylon a sort of gigantic, lustrous, botanical garden,—to omit mention of the strange mountain-peaks upheaved in its southern portion, and the palm-shadowed towns nestling under trees, or the grotesque temples carved out of the boulder-like blocks,—to say nothing of the mammalia in its woods, the fish which climb the trees, the leeches which go roving about in quest of fat-ankled travellers, the tritonæ which tinkle musically under the water of the lakes, the pearls which make the north-west "a sea of gain," or the infusoria which tinge with vermilion a mile or two of sea,—not to speak of ancient native works, magnificent tanks, and lakes, and canals,—there are marvels of later time which make the history of Ceylon even more remarkable. The kingdom of Kandy has for ever passed away, according to the native proverb, now that bridges have been constructed, and roads cut through arches of rock, and carried to the height of 6,000 feet.

On the cession of the Dutch, in 1796, Ceylon first, or rather its lowland and coast, became a British possession,—the King of Kandy occupying a central capital among the hills, and Mr. North being appointed the first British Governor. With the history of the island subsequent to that date,—with a curious chapter of secret and confidential intrigue, entered into by the British Governor and the native Prime Minister for the deposition of the King of Kandy, upon which intrigue Mr. North's private correspondence has thrown an exceedingly painful light; with the seed of that political intrigue which ripened into the massacre of the British garrison, and unheard-of atrocities on the part of the King;—with details of those wise administrative measures which, begun by Sir Edward Barnes and his able Commissioner, ultimately quelled all disaffection on the part of the people; broke, but without violence, the

power of the King, and henceforward made the island easy to hold and to govern;—with engineering details of the making of roads, the bridging of torrents, and the construction of a broad and effectual highway from sea to sea;—still more with the records of equally successful policy, the abolition of slavery, the extinction of all commercial monopoly, the abandonment of compulsory labour, the encouragement to native industry and enterprise, and the establishment of a charter of justice superseding the arbitrary rule of the chiefs;—with such measures and influences, in fact, as have changed in less than half a century the aspect of the country, and materially altered the condition of the people, the second volume of the work is mainly occupied, as the first is with a complete physical and historical description of Ceylon.

From the official position he filled, Sir Emerson Tennent had peculiar advantages for the collection of material. He had access to unpublished MSS. on Singhalese history: he had the companionship of friends familiar with natural science, and the portion of the work relating to the Fauna, the Flora, the Geology of the country, has been inspected and revised by men eminent in their various departments. Two remarkable facts will strike the reader. He will be surprised to learn that in 1852 so little was known of the interior of Ceylon, that in a map republished by a learned Society, the country lying to the north of the Mahawelliganga and the Kandyan zone, which is by no means destitute of population, and containing the ruins of stupendous monuments, is left blank as "unexplored district." Moreover,—

"The condition of neglect and insecurity which Trincomalee exhibits at the present day [says Sir Emerson Tennent], is painfully irreconcilable with the terms of exultation with which its capture was originally announced to the nation. Then it was extolled, as the sole harbour of refuge to the east of Cape Comorin, Bombay being the only capacious port on the west coast of Hindustan; and projects were in contemplation to render it the grand emporium of Oriental commerce, the Gibraltar of India, and the arsenal of the East. Remembering these exciting assurances, and contemplating the capabilities presented by the locality for their utmost realization; an extreme feeling of disappointment is excited now by looking upon its incomplete fortifications, its neglected works, and its reduced military establishments—utterly unequal to any emergency. These render Trincomalee as insecure at the present day as it was unprepared in the last century for the assaults of Suffren and De la Haye."

Of the vegetable and animal wonders in Ceylon, the work affords countless details, which will delight the naturalist. There are the avenues of palms waving for hundreds of miles, over the red roads, or the tracts of sand,—there are the thorny imbuls, which drop their silken blossoms, and strew the earth for roads with a flossy scarlet,—there are the banyans and firs, the Thugs of the vegetable world, the seeds of which, dropped by a bird on a palm, throws out a net-work of wood, and at last strangles the tree it has fed upon. On the higher ranges there are families of tall trees that, in struggling up to the light, prop themselves up by strange buttresses of wood projecting from the trunk,—there is the coral-tree, with its close, bead-like berries, like clusters of red coral,—the asoca, with its orange and crimson flowers, and great heavy-flowered rhododendrons, rising to the height of 60 or 70 feet,—not to speak of talipot-trees, and peepul-trees, and iron-trees, with flowers like white roses, and buds and shoots of crimson, nor of cocoa-nut-trees, that spread their coronals of green by millions, and of glowing moon-flowers, and marvellous pitcher-plants, and

odorous troops of orchids and gadding epiphytes, that enjoy that moist, warm oriental air. Then there are the geckoes, which drop from the ceilings, or the flies, which come in a body and put out the lights at dinner; and the snakes, which get into your bed-room or carriage, and the acari, which feed on your books; the fungi, which spread a vegetable lint over your dress-coat or your looking-glass, and the crows, which open your boxes and run off with the valuables, and the leeches, which waylay you in your rambles; the climbing-fish, which filch the sap out of the palms, and that strange pigeon—the neela-cobeya—whose note has such an effect upon the nerves that irritated persons subside into placidity on merely hearing the sound.

One practice adopted by a wealthy native we particularly like—that of keeping a cobra de capello to protect his house, or to deter unseasonable visitors.

One of the strangest native customs is the use of the Pambou-Kaloo, or snake-stone, used as a remedy in cases of wounds by venomous serpents:—

"On one occasion, in March, 1854, a friend of mine was riding, with some other civil officers of the government, along a jungle path in the vicinity of Bintenue, when they saw one of two Tamils, who were approaching them, suddenly dart into the forest and return, holding in both hands a cobra de capello which he had seized by the head and tail. He called to his companion for assistance to place it in their covered basket, but in doing this, he handled it so inexpertly that it seized him by the finger, and retained its hold for a few seconds, as if unable to retract its fangs. The blood flowed, and intense pain appeared to follow almost immediately; but, with all expedition, the friend of the sufferer undid his waistcloth, and took from it two snake-stones, each of the size of a small almond, intensely black and highly polished, though of an extremely light substance. These he applied one to each wound inflicted by the teeth of the serpent, to which the stones attached themselves closely, the blood that oozed from the bites being rapidly imbibed by the porous texture of the article applied. The stones adhered tenaciously for three or four minutes, the wounded man's companion in the meanwhile rubbing his arm downwards from the shoulder towards the fingers. At length the snake-stones dropped off of their own accord; the suffering appeared to have subsided; he twisted his fingers till the joints cracked, and went on his way without concern. Whilst this had been going on, another Indian of the party who had come up took from his bag a small piece of white wood, which resembled a root, and passed it gently near the head of the cobra, which the latter immediately inclined close to the ground; he then lifted the snake without hesitation, and coiled it into a circle at the bottom of his basket. The root by which he professed to be enabled to perform this operation with safety he called the *Naya-thalee Kalinga* (the root of the snake-plant), protected by which he professed his ability to approach any reptile with impunity. In another instance, in 1853, Mr. Lavalliere, the District Judge of Kandy, informed me that he saw a snake-charmer in the jungle, close by the town, search for a cobra de capello, and, after disturbing it in its retreat, the man tried to secure it, but, in the attempt, he was bitten in the thigh till blood trickled from the wound. He instantly applied the Pambou-Kaloo, which adhered closely for about ten minutes, during which time he passed the root which he held in his hand backwards and forwards above the stone, till the latter dropped to the ground. He assured Mr. Lavalliere that all danger was then past. That gentleman obtained from him the snake-stone he had relied on, and saw him repeatedly afterwards in perfect health. The substances which were used on both these occasions are now in my possession. The roots employed by the several parties are not identical. One appears to be a bit of the stem of an *Aristolochia*; the other is so dried as to render it difficult to identify it, but it resembles the quadrangular stem of a jungle vine. Some species of *Aristolochia*, such as

the *A. serpentaria* of North America, are supposed to act as a specific in the cure of snake-bites; and the *A. indica* is the plant to which the ichneumon is popularly believed to resort as an antidote when bitten; but it is probable that the use of any particular plant by the snake-charmers is a pretence, or rather a delusion, the reptile being overpowered by the resolute action of the operator, and not by the influence of any secondary appliance, the confidence inspired by the supposed talisman enabling its possessor to address himself fearlessly to his task, and thus to effect, by determination and will, what is popularly believed to be the result of charms and stupefaction. Still it is curious that, amongst the natives of Northern Africa, who lay hold of the *Cerastes* without fear or hesitation, their impunity is ascribed to the use of a plant with which they anoint themselves before touching the reptile; and Bruce says of the people of Sennar that they acquire exemption from the fatal consequences of the bite by chewing a particular root and washing themselves with an infusion of certain plants. He adds that a portion of this root was given him, with a view to test its efficacy in his own person, but that he had not sufficient resolution to undergo the experiment. As to the snake-stone itself, I submitted one, the application of which I have been describing, to Mr. Faraday, and he has communicated to me, as the result of his analysis, his belief that it is 'a piece of charred bone which has been filled with blood perhaps several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded, as well by the apertures of cells or tubes on its surface as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly, water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and, if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the 'stone.' This ash, as is evident from inspection, cannot have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime. Mr. Faraday adds that 'if the piece of matter has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?'

The scene after an elephant hunt is an exceedingly striking picture:—

"When every wild elephant had been noosed and tied up, the scene presented was one truly oriental. From one to two thousand natives, many of them in gaudy dresses and armed with spears, crowded about the inclosures. Their families had collected to see the spectacle; women, whose children clung like little bronzed Cupids by their side; and girls, many of them in the graceful costume of that part of the country, a scarf, which, after having been brought round the waist, is thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm and side free and uncovered. At the foot of each tree was its captive elephant; some still struggling and writhing in feverish excitement, while others, in exhaustion and despair, lay motionless, except that from time to time they heaved fresh dust upon their heads. The mellow notes of a Kandyan flute, which was played at a little distance, had a striking effect upon one or more of them; they turned their heads in the direction from which the music came, expanded their broad ears, and were evidently soothed with the plaintive sound. The two little ones alone still roared for freedom; they stamped their feet, and blew clouds of dust over their shoulders, brandishing their little trunks aloft, and attacking every one who came within their reach. At first, the older ones, when secured, spurned every offer of food, trampled it under foot, and turned haughtily away. A few, however, as they became more composed, could not resist the temptation of the juicy stems of the plantain, but rolling them under foot, till they detached the layers, they raised them in their trunks, and commenced chewing them listlessly. On the whole, whilst the sagacity, the composure, and docility of the decoys were such as to excite lively astonishment, it was not possible to withhold

the highest admiration from the calm and dignified demeanour of the captives. Their whole bearing was at variance with the representations made by some of the 'sportsmen' who harass them, that they are treacherous, savage, and revengeful; when tormented by the guns of their persecutors, they, no doubt, display their powers and sagacity in efforts to retaliate or escape; but here their every movement was indicative of innocence and timidity. After a struggle, in which they evinced no disposition to violence or revenge, they submitted with the calmness of despair. Their attitudes were pitiable, their grief most touching, and their low moaning went to the heart. It would not have been tolerable had they either been captured with unnecessary pain or reserved for ill-treatment afterwards."

The fishes in Ceylon not only have the odd habit of climbing, but one of them is musical, as may be seen by the following extract:—

"On the occasion of another visit which I made to Batticaloa, in September, 1848, I made some inquiries relative to a story which I had heard of musical sounds, said to be heard issuing from the bottom of the lake, at several places, both above and below the ferry opposite the old Dutch Fort; and which the natives suppose to proceed from some fish peculiar to the locality. The report was confirmed to me in all its particulars, and one of the spots whence the sounds proceed was pointed out between the pier and a rock which intersects the channel, two or three hundred yards to the eastward. They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was nearest the full, and they were described as resembling the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp. I sent for some of the fishermen, who said they were perfectly aware of the fact, and that their fathers had always known of the existence of the musical sounds heard, they said, at the spot alluded to, but only during the dry season, and they cease when the lake is swollen by the freshes after the rain. They believed them to proceed from a shell, which is known by the Tamil name of (*oorie coolooos cradoe*, or) the 'crying shell,' a name in which the sound seems to have been adopted as an echo of the sense. I sent them in search of the shell, and they returned bringing me some living specimens of different shells, chiefly *littorina* and *cerithium*. In the evening when the moon had risen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind, nor a ripple except that caused by the dip of our oars; and on coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably by different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until on returning to the original locality the sounds were at once renewed."

The great tank of Padavil, in the north of the island, is a remarkable native work, and the scene in the centre recalls a picture from 'The Pelican Island':—

"Before daybreak we entered on the bed of the tank of Padavil, at its south-eastern angle, and proceeded towards the main embankment, a ride which occupied us nearly two hours. The tank itself is the basin of a broad and shallow valley, formed by two lines of low hills, which gradually sink into the plain as they approach towards the sea. The extreme breadth of the inclosed space may be twelve or fourteen miles, narrowing to eleven at the spot where the retaining bund has been constructed across the valley; and when this enormous embankment was in effectual repair, and the reservoir filled by the rains, the water must

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have been thrown back along the basin of the valley for at least fifteen miles. It is difficult now to determine the precise distances, as the recent overgrowth of wood and jungle has obliterated all lines left by the original level of the lake at its junction with the forest. Even when we rode over it, the centre of the tank was deeply submerged, so that notwithstanding the partial escape, the water still covered an area of ten miles in diameter. Its depth when full must be very considerable, for high on the branches of the trees which grow in the area, the last flood had left quantities of drift-wood and withered grass; and the rocks and banks were coated with the yeasty foam, that remains after the subsidence of an agitated flood. The bed of the tank was difficult to ride over, being still soft and treacherous, although covered every where with tall and waving grass; and in every direction it was pocked into deep holes by the innumerable elephants that congregated to roll in the soft mud, to bathe in the collected water, or luxuriate in the rich herbage, under the cool shade of the trees. The ground, too, was thrown up into hummocks like great mole-hills, which, the natives told us, were formed by a huge earth-worm, common in Ceylon, nearly two feet in length, and as thick as a small snake. Through these inequalities the water was still running off in natural drains towards the great channel in the centre, that conducts it to the broken sluice; and across these it was sometimes difficult to find a safe footing for our horses."

We have but briefly indicated the encyclopædic variety of this work, which might easily be divided into a library of interesting volumes.

*Theatrical Curiosities, Ancient and Modern, French and Foreign*.—[Curiosities, &c.] By Victor Fournel. (Delahays.)

A book of anecdotes must always more or less resemble the apple-pie made entirely of quinces, and be apt to satiate by the excess of savoury matter contained therein. Yet every diner-out of the second class will be professionally glad of a book of anecdotes by way of a breviary, while the club-lounger may not object to a page from it now and then to fill up his time till the deliberate person opposite has finished the last words of the evening paper. This book of anecdotes may be expressly commended to the members of the Garrick Club.—Of its kind, it is a good one; dealing, however, principally with French curiosities, fairly well collected, and neatly strung together.—Chapter 1 has to do with the antiquities of the subject;—chapter 2 with stage-decoration. This has had its rise and fall, its flow and ebb, more largely than we in England recollect, because with us it has been a matter of recent growth.—Chapter 3 treats of that germane matter, *costume*. Here, on the other hand, notions of truth and propriety, as distinct from convention, may be described as exclusively modern. Nevertheless, the masks, from under which the Greek actors declaimed, no more spoiled the tragedy and its tears in Athens, than did the hoop, the *tonnelet*, the frizzled *perruque*, hinder Corneille's public from enjoying his grandiloquent and pompous scenes.—To chapter 4, on theatres as constructions, twenty pages of example might be added by any travelled person, even supposing him not of the Garrick Club. Let two be named. The pedantic theatre, built by Palladio at Vicenza, deserved a line. Then, English readers might have enjoyed some mention of the play-labyrinth arranged by topiarian art—long ere the *Pré Catalan* was thought of—in the gardens of Herrenhausen, where the ancestors of our rulers aped French Court festivities for the delight of the clumsy females who were to them objects of entertainment no less precious than were the Montespons and Pompadours to the successors of His Majesty Clovis.—Chapter 5 is

devoted to private theatres, a class of edifices which bids fair to increase and multiply during our times, when, if great actors be scarce, to quote a parodist—

Every drawing-room's a stage,  
And many gentlemen and ladies peculiarly bad players.

Here, the English reader—since M. Fournel professes to talk of English "curiosities" among others—might naturally look for some mention of the past Kilkenny private theatricals, so pleasantly extolled by Moore, and so whimsically satirized in Lady Morgan's *Lord Rosbrin*,—if, even, he delicately stop short of "unlicensed" houses, now open to the zealous *Romeos* and *Juliets* of private life.—The subject of chapter 6, 'Plays in Colleges,' would furnish a book of itself. Appeal to the feelings by oratory and personation was understood as an important lever by the monks, when they dished up the mysteries of Christianity to be exhibited opera-wise in their churches, and for a time, even, allowed such exhibitions to figure among the celebrations of public worship. More or less, its importance has never been wholly ignored, even in our undemonstrative country, since England was rendered averse to all stage-doings by the Reformation. For the moment, "the Westminster play" is our one example left to prove the assertion.—In France, so late as the days of the prudish ex-governess *La Maintenon*, poets no less great than Racine were willing to write original pieces for the great French court seminary, the foundress of which (though she never "cut" *Ninon de l'Enclos*) was too moral to permit any male creature to figure on the boards of St.-Cyr. Later still, Father Ducerceau was fertile as an author of French college plays.—Voltaire, too, whose eyes glanced everywhere, may have had a view to this arena, among others, when he wrote his 'Mort du César,' a tragedy without women, which was actually presented at the Harcourt and Mazarin Colleges. The idea of class-theatres as educational, has been philosophically toyed with by more than one enlightened person. The notion of plays for merely male audiences, and presented by men, was among the other notions from time to time defended by Goethe.—In France, this collegiate acting led to scandals some hundred years ago. In the 'Secret Correspondence' (M. Fournel reminds us) mention is made of a storm brewed against the 'Ecclesiastical Gazette.' That journal, in one of its numbers, adverted on seminarists of Paris, who had been taking part in private theatricals in country-houses, during their holiday time. The Archbishop and the Sorbonne complained of this to the King, demanding that the scandal should be substantiated; and, in case this was not done, that the number should be burnt by the executioner. But they reckoned without their host,—the wicked school-boys had played the hero, or the fool (as may be), in their own houses, on the pretext of private acting being a wholesome practice in continuation of their studies. The custom, however, fell into desuetude, though M. Fournel assures us it has been of late revived in more than one French seminary of pretension.

We could go further were we to rummage for recollections of Madame de Genlis, that French Royal governess, in her way as great a curiosity as Scarron's widow,—or of such home worthies as Dr. Valpy and Hannah More, whose theatrical proceedings in the cause of education and morals furnished matter for some of her pleasantest pages to that zealous lover of Drama, Miss Mitford; but even, with expatiation on the limited scale which has been already ventured, we are unable to run through the arguments of the remaining nineteen chapters of this amusing little

book.—Usages and traditions,—misbehaviours and riots in pits and boxes,—political services screwed out of the theatre,—the peculiarities, infirmities, and impudences of actors,—their want of memory, their presence of mind,—their contempt of authors, and authors' complaints of them,—their manners and want of manners in society,—their strange side-scene superstitions,—all come under notice in their turn. Every page devoted to them could be interleaved, especially with modern experiences, showing that though Time makes change, Time changes very slowly, if at all, the peculiarities which belong to certain occupations. Seafaring men will, so long as the sea lasts, be the best of good company,—lawyers beas generically anecdotal, given to cross-examine and to exhaust topics in society,—travellers to tell tales,—and actors to act, out of school as well as in school.—The philosophy of these distinctions has yet to be propounded; and though it lies near the surface, is still hard to seize and delicate to define. Let us leave it to philosophers to come.

The literature of French Memoirs, copious in every department, whether art, science, or society be touched, has in this one, as in others, furnished ample materials. Not to speak of such awful personages as Clairon and Talma—Fleury, Fleuri the clever, and Mdlle. Flore, of later days, have confessed on paper, (or acted, shall we not say?) in the form of such full and free, if not fair, talk of their neighbours, as well as of themselves, as furnishes ample and rich matter for any collector of curiosities. Some of it is new, too. Every one has been told of Mdlle. Mars and her violets, which subjected her to riotous criticism when the Bourbons were brought home,—every one has heard of her son, one year older than herself (his answer to a question concerning their respective ages),—every one of the cry of the "genteel Contat" when Talma first came on the stage, in the strict classicism of the toga, "*Why, he looks like a statue!*"—but here we find the name of a humbler brother of the craft, which will be new to some of our theatrical readers, even though his deeds be as old as are eccentricity, mimicry, deficient education, and superfluous self-importance. We mean the name of Rosambeau:—

Before he went on the stage [says M. Fournel], his name was Minet. He died some fifteen years ago, after having played, not without talent, at the *Théâtre des Jeunes Artistes*, at the *Théâtre Louvois*, having come out at the  *Français*, at the  *Opéra*, at the  *Opéra Comique*, at the  *Palais Royal*, at the  *Odéon*, having shown himself, in short, in all the towns of France, and in London, Vienna, Warsaw, and Constantinople. \* \* He had so whimsical a character, that it was impossible to count on him. The following, for instance, was the cause of his quitting the theatre of Caen, where he had been engaged for the principal parts. Generally, the actor in this position has a wardrobe of his own, that is, all the necessary costumes. He stipulated, for his first appearance, to play the part of General in 'La Veuve du Malabar,' and was very well received by the public. The following day the manager "put up" Rosambeau for *Oreste* in 'Andromaque.' On going to the theatre, just before the curtain drew up, he saw an actor parading the stage in the General's uniform. He told Rosambeau to go and dress; the latter replied that he was dressed, and had the right of presenting himself in this costume. When the play began, and he entered, he was hissed. "Gentlemen," said he, to the public, "if my General's uniform does not please you, it is the fault of my manager. Give me leave to read to you my engagement." He drew a paper from his pocket, and read with the greatest seriousness:—"M. Rosambeau is engaged as principal actor, and without any one dividing his business with him, in tragedy, comedy, and opera, to play the kings, the serious lovers,

\* A play by Lemerre, on which Dr. Spohr's opera of 'Jessonda' is founded.—Ed.

and all the first parts 'en général.' At this Sally, bursts of laughter succeeded to the hisses. Rosambeau boasted that he had entirely pleased his public.

"There is nothing new under the sun, nor under the grandson," as George Selwyn said. The oddities of the incomparable horn-player, M. Vivier, so notorious and eagerly paraded by himself, his friends and the papers, are not, after all, so unique as those whom they have amused, have delighted to fancy. This Rosambeau appears to have been, of the two, the more masterly practitioner. He was always getting into trouble, it seems, on the "clothes question"—on one occasion, when black silk stockings were wanted for his part, painting his legs with blacking;—another time seducing a *gendarme* on duty to lend him his trousers for the evening's performance;—forgetting to return the same, and leaving the sentinel shamefully to shiver on his post with bare legs.

But this sample will more than suffice for such of our readers as have no propensity for "lamp-oil and orange-peel." Those who enjoy the stage, the gossip of the green-room while the play is going on, the supper afterwards when the lights have been put out and the *rouge* is washed away, may try this book with safety. —It is a good one, we repeat, of its kind.

*A List of the Books of Reference in the Reading-room of the British Museum.* Printed by Order of the Trustees. (Published and Sold at the Museum.)

*The English Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences.* Conducted by Charles Knight. Part VI., containing 'British Museum.' (Bradbury & Evans.)

THE 'English Cyclopædia' is a part of the reconstruction of the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' which has been cut up into departments, and each department, augmented by new matter, is published separately. In looking over the letter B of the department of Art and Science, our attention was arrested by the article on the British Museum, occupying thirty-five of the heavy columns of the work. We very soon found that we had got hold of a production of no common character, and by the time we came to the end we had no hesitation in pronouncing the whole to be one of the very best cyclopædia articles we had ever seen. It was clear to us, almost from the commencement, that it was written by some one who has that kind of familiarity with the Museum which can only be gained by daily occupation within its walls; and we made up our minds that either Mr. Winter Jones or Mr. Thomas Watts must be the author, — perhaps both. No author is, however, acknowledged, as we find on inquiry; so that our readers who are acquainted with the writings and doings of the officials at the Museum may amuse themselves, if such be their pleasure, by apportioning the article among those to whom they may find reason to attribute the several parts.

The first of the two works at the head of this article contains, besides the Catalogue, a Preface by Mr. Winter Jones, giving a history of the Reading-room from the commencement, and a particular account of the grand temple of bibliography in which the poorest reader can now command better means than the richest duke in the land; unless, indeed, the duke will condescend to share those means.

On the 15th of last January exactly a century had elapsed since the collection obtained by purchase from Sir Hans Sloane, joined with the Harleian Manuscripts, were first opened to the public—or what in those days they called opening to the public—in Montague House, so well remembered by the present generation.

Sloane's books and manuscripts, with his collection of natural history, form the original foundation of all the collections. In spite of this, the time was when the Trustees did not hesitate to sell Sloane's books as duplicates, if they found better copies in their possession. This very day we examined a copy of Riccioli's 'Geographia Reformata,' a rare and valuable work, stamped with the duplicate sale mark of 1831, and bearing *Bibliotheca Sloaniana*, A. 311, on the title-page. This book very well illustrates the folly of parting with duplicates, now done away with, at least in the case of works of any value; for it contains one of the best dictionaries of Latin and vernacular names of towns which exist: and should on this account be placed in the Reading-room as a work of reference.

The catalogue of works of reference which are made immediately accessible to readers contains about sixty thousand volumes. It is impossible to find this number of volumes of pure reference; accordingly, many works are added which must be described as of the order of utility which comes immediately after that of books of reference. It is impossible that any number of librarians, however skilful, should lay their hands at once on the "upper sixty thousand"; the reader must, by his own experience of his own wants, make a gradual correction of this first attempt at his library of reference. And this is the more necessary, because, even if the librarians should do their work without omission or redundancy, it does not follow that inquirers of every class will find their way to the Reading-room; so that books which are very properly placed on the shelves, on first speculation, may not be wanted for generations. For instance, we find Tanner and Pits on the list, but not Bale. The very first inquirer into old English biography who knows what he is about will have this defect supplied. But, should it so happen that no such person makes his appearance, then both Tanner and Pits are there to little purpose. The literary public must take this library under its own care, and, by gradual suggestions, bring it to the highest point of working utility for the existing Englishman.

But in the meanwhile, and before the reaction begins, there must be a certain action; the librarian must first be the teacher of the literary man. None but those who have grappled with libraries are aware how little it is the necessary mark of a work of reference to be called *dictionary* or *encyclopædia*. A book which no one would dream of placing in the upper sixty thousand may gain a title from a part, aye, even from a page, of its contents. For example, in 1851, the Rev. Franke Parker, a clergyman near Launceston, published, at his own expense we feel sure, a tall folio on 'The Church.' This is a work of reference throughout, though one would suppose, from the title, that it is only controversial. And it places under the eye, in large chronological tables, which of themselves make it a work of reference, not only the succession of Fathers, and what books of the Old and New Testaments they severally quote, but it even gives a similar list for the Fathers themselves with reference to one another. Here is a marked instance of the sort of work which the inquirer should go to, for help in his approach to original sources. But this is precisely the sort of book which a large class of literary men must be taught to know as a work of reference in spite of its title, and as a provisional guide, subject to correction, in spite of its yet unestablished authority. Taught by the librarian, in the first instance, to know the value of such books, the pupil will, in time, make his master and himself

change places; and will instruct the librarian himself how to fill the shelves with the books which are most necessary to be at hand on all subjects.

It is hardly possible to over-estimate the value of the Museum Library to the literary man in London. What did an author do at the time when, being a man of small means, and working at literature for a livelihood, he wanted books which it was impossible for him to buy? The answer is that he borrowed of his publisher, who was expected to lend. And we may easily imagine with how evil an eye such a man as Tom Osborne, for example, looked on a "hand" who asked for unusual books, instead of confining himself to the common stock. And if—which seems to have some evidence in spite of Boswell—the celebrated assault upon Osborne by Sam. Johnson were made in the bookseller's own shop, with a copy of the Septuagint which the author was consulting, it is probable enough that the reproaches which brought on the knock-down blow arose immediately out of the uncommon and expensive book which Johnson had demanded. For it is part of the story that these same reproaches were connected with the slowness of the progress. However this may be, it is certain that the large publishers had to keep lending libraries for their authors; and, whether they always got their books back in good condition, or sometimes failed to get them back at all, or had to redeem them from pawn, are points which must be worked out by some future historian of literature.

That day is now past; and the man of letters, when in need of books, is no longer a borrower. The consequence is, that it is in the power of any respectable man, who can command the bare means of life, to give himself his own higher education, and to prove his qualification, instead of waiting for access to his best means until he is able to persuade a publisher to give him a trial.

There has been a marked increase of accuracy of detail in second-rate works since resort to the Museum Library became common. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? A compiler is but a repeater, and must cut his coat according to his cloth. Mr. Carlyle, in his evidence before the Museum Commission, spoke with great contempt of the people who "manufacture the stuff called useful knowledge," and laughed at the idea of taking any pains to accommodate them. But, works of fiction apart—though even works of fiction have, in our century, owed much to the increased learning of the writers—how is the great mass of the public to be fed, or how has it ever been fed, except by those who manufacture, that is, compile and adapt, the materials which they find in expensive works, and in undertakings which the crowd cannot appreciate? And here we must observe that a time must come—perhaps is near at hand—when some restriction must be placed upon the right to read at the Museum. Hitherto the principle has been that the Library is open to the public. And open to the public it must continue to be; for it is a public library. But the time may come when unrestricted admission will shut out the public. For one man who actually reads at the Museum there are hundreds who feel the benefit of his reading, in the augmented goodness of the works which he writes. So long as the unchecked influx of readers does not shut out the readers who are writers, there is nothing to be said. But when the time shall come—and come it will—in which for each writer who resorts to the Museum there are fifty willing to go there who are readers only, common sense points out that a rule of exclusion must be framed; and the same common sense tells us



that the person who wants to use the Library for his own and the public benefit must be preferred to the one who only wants to use it for his own. Many difficulties, many disputes, many heart-burnings, may arise from the necessity of selection; but the laws of space and matter override all others; and, unless the nation is prepared to provide facilities for 10,000 readers, it must be prepared to lay down a rule by which 10,000 may be divided into two parts, a smaller and a larger. At present, a boy of eighteen, preparing for an examination, is allowed to go to the Museum for his dictionary and his *crib*. On this point, Mr. Winter Jones gives a warning, which may be useful:—

"Soon after the opening of the Reading-room it was discovered that some of the volumes of Bohn's Series, and other works, useful as *cribs*, or treating of the subjects for the scholastic and other examinations now so prevalent in London, had been taken away. Some of these volumes re-appeared on the shelves after the Examinations. In order to check a practice which might end in placing a young student in the felon's dock at Bow Street, a plan has been introduced by which the books in the Reading-room are examined every morning, during the hour from 9 to 10, and a record kept of such as are missing. These precautions have fully accomplished the desired object."

Let every young gentleman who may think that there is no great harm in just taking a book for a day or two stand informed that the law must measure offences by their dangers and their consequences, and that every liberty taken with the magnificent collection to which such easy access is given is a serious difficulty put in the way of a great national object.

Is any one inclined to think our estimate of the future number of readers exaggerated? In 1820 there were about 30 readers a day; in 1858 there were 424. At this rate, there will be 6,000 before A.D. 1900, without allowing an accelerated ratio, that is, shutting our eyes on a strong probability, which is almost a moral certainty.

We shall not enter into any description of Mr. Jones's Preface, or of the article in 'The English Cyclopædia':—the first is short and interesting, the latter of very easy access; and both are of official accuracy. Mr. Jones gives a fac-simile of the original pencil-sketch which Mr. Panizzi made of his intention for the Reading-room, dated April 18, 1852. Mr. Panizzi has, indeed, achieved a success, which places his result at the head of its kind as clearly and undeniably as in the case of the Great Exhibition and Rowland Hill's Post-office plan. His name leads us to that of his predecessors; and, by mere casualty, we find that every alternate Principal Librarian has been a foreigner. We have—1. Gowin Knight; 2. Maty (Dutch); 3. Morton; 4. Planta (Swiss); 5. Ellis; 6. Panizzi (Italian). Reasons might be given why this accident should become a law. In a library which is to be kept up successfully, and in the absence of omniscience in human heads, an alternation of domestic and foreign knowledge might be useful.

The first of the librarians, Gowin Knight, is a person of whom, the article says, little is known. This is strictly true as to ordinary sources of knowledge. Knight is an *unreferenced* man. Nevertheless, he was well known in his day, and his scientific reputation still exists. Nichols has collected nothing more of him than that he found by accident, in his lodging, a curious letter of Warburton to Concanen, which was printed by Malone; that he received a gift of 1,000 guineas from good Dr. Fothergill, when in difficulties; and that he died. But Gowin Knight was, in his day, the famous maker of strong magnets; and he was

the first who had decided success. He kept his secret, and supplied the Admiralty; and Canton was first incited to magnetical experiment by his inability of purse to purchase a set of Knight's magnets. He also invented some kind of azimuth compass; and his compasses, furnished with his strong magnetic needles, were ordered to be used on board all ships of war. After his appointment at the Museum, and certainly as late as 1758, probably later, he continued to inspect and certify every compass which was furnished to the Navy. The great magnetic battery, of which he made use in the preparation of his needles, has been long in the possession of the Royal Society; and, though injured by a house in which it was placed taking fire, still requires a force of more than a hundred-weight to separate the armature from the magnets.

Gowin Knight also published, in 1748, a curious speculation on molecular attraction. His work preceded the similar work of Bosovich by ten years. Some curiosity about this work has been excited, in recent times, by the character of some of the speculations. But *carere vate sacro*; that is, he has not found a biographer. Gorton is the only one who has mentioned him; and all he can say of the personal life is, that Knight was of Magdalen College, Oxford, and took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine in 1742. To his college, then, we remit him, as a proper object for a little research.

We are told by the article that there was a candidate for the appointment which Knight obtained, of whom, had he succeeded, it would never have been said that the first librarian of the Museum was a man of whom little was known. This was no other than the celebrated Dr. Hill.—Sir John Hill, as he called himself on the strength of a Swedish order of knighthood. We should much like to see the article before us made the nucleus of a goodly octavo volume, containing, besides serious information, all the gossip which can be collected relative to the swarms of well-known men who have been in any way connected with the Museum. What a queer article might be made upon Sir John Hill! In his own day, his refusal to obey the restrictions of the *Pharmacopœia* made him a quack in the eyes of his medical brethren, and helped Garrick to nail him to the barn-door. For he wrote plays, and was vastly incensed with the great manager for not administering them—*exhibiting* is here quite the proper word—to his audiences. So Garrick made the once well-known epigram,—

For physis and farces, his equal there scarce is,  
His farces are physis, his physis a farce is.

Some of his plays, we think we remember, were actually produced. But his other works are in number beyond our specification. Hill has been charged with making more than books; with making species to put into them. Thus says J. C. Fabricius, in his systematic entomology:—*Damnanda vero memorie John Hill et Louis Renard, qui insecta ficta proposuere*. It is said, however, that Cuvier actually found in nature some of Renard's fishes, which had been pronounced to be mere authorcraft, and this may throw a doubt upon Fabricius. Hill's Dictionary of Astronomy is most amusing tattle about common things, without a single numeral figure from beginning to end. But his great work is his 'Review of the Works of the Royal Society of London,' first published in 1751, and again by his widow (the sister of Lord Ranelagh) in 1780. Of this work Maty, who succeeded Knight as Principal Librarian, says, in his *Journal Britannique*, "Il n'est pas toujours équitable, et ne manque jamais d'insulter." It

is a criticism on the older writings in the *Transactions*, and it exposes a considerable number of what afterwards turned out to be errors and absurdities. This is done with a sly and poignant humour which would have made the fortune of a satire directed against things generally understood. It was very much felt by the Society; and Mr. Weld acknowledges that shortly after its publication the *Transactions* possess a much higher scientific value. But with this he would have us think that its humour is coarse and poor, which it certainly is not; and his predecessor, Dr. Thomson, proved himself to have been a man incapable of finding out humour, by starting this notion. But none of the historians of the Royal Society have seen that this attack of Sir John Hill is one of the greatest of the Society's honours. Striking out some attempts at twaddle, which was becoming too frequent a feature in the published papers, and taking the bulk of the matters which Sir John Hill exposed, they prove that the Society was careful to record the observations of men of good character for knowledge and intelligence, without stopping to ask the questions, How will this turn out? Shall we be laughed at? No such error is committed in our time. The Society has long been too great to risk itself on forlorn hopes. *Ibit qui zonam perdidit*;

Let him storm castles who has ne'er a ghost.

Accordingly, the *Transactions* are all but filled with the developments of safe truths, and very rarely, indeed, do they venture upon inquiries which may turn out to be laughably wrong.

We have been led far away from our subject by the idea of a volume, which might do for the Museum what Boswell did for Johnson; ranging wide for matter, and setting all proprieties of plan at defiance, at least in the notes. Such a volume is the true way of making the whole mass of the educated public aware of the manner in which the Museum is connected with our literature, from its own commencement onwards; for such a volume will be read. The list of names which might be selected from the article before us, of persons who have actually been officials, would be rather striking. Besides those we have enumerated, we find the names of Ayscough, Solander, Woide, Baber, George Shaw, Beloe, Robert Nares, Douce, Maurice, Ottley, König, Robert Brown, Children, Leach, Noehden, Cary, Garnett, Rosen, &c.; not to mention any who are now living. Many names might be added of those whose connexion with this institution, though not entirely official, is still striking; and the names of Trustees who have taken active part in the management should not be forgotten.

A hand seems to begin to point to the division of the Museum into two great repositories: one, for books, manuscripts and all that relates to study of men's thoughts; the other, for collections of objects which are to excite inquiry, but do not, of their own nature, contain the record of thought. Much discussion is fated to ensue on this point, let it end which way it will. We do not intend to enter upon it here; we shall only suggest the alternative on which the result may possibly depend. Which will grow with the greater rapidity, the collections at the Museum, or the nation's sense of its own corporate duties towards the promotion of human happiness by spread of wholesome knowledge? If the first, then will the separation take place, and there will be two Museums; if the second, increase of space will be gained at any cost, and time will see the national buildings spreading as far as Russell Square, and all the way round it.



*German Convent Cookery-Book of Three Hundred Years ago; containing a considerable Number of long-forgotten yet most palatable Receipts—[Dreihundertjähriges Kloster-Kochbuch, &c.]. Edited by Bernhard Otto, from a Manuscript discovered amongst the Relics of the Dominican Convent at Leipsic. (Leipsic.)*

THE above unpretending little volume belongs to the amenities as well as the curiosities of literature. The Editor describes the circumstances which have led to its again seeing the light of day as follows:—"Although modern times have produced a countless number of excellent cookery-books, no professor of the culinary art has yet been in a position to initiate his fair clients into the mysteries of the far-famed monastic kitchens of three hundred years ago. The venerable MS. here published was accidentally discovered upon pulling down some outbuildings occupied, at the time of the Reformation, by the refectory and kitchen of the Dominican Convent of St. Paul at Leipsic. The little volume was found in a somewhat dilapidated condition, walled up in a niche close to a lofty bow-window, and in close proximity to an earthenware lamp and an iron cooking utensil of antique construction. The authorship, therefore, may reasonably be ascribed to the reverend *chef* of the above monastery's kitchen.

Before introducing this newly-acquired treasure to the dining public, the Editor prevailed upon several of his lady friends to test the value of certain of the most likely recipes. The result surpassed his most sanguine expectations, and decided Herr Otto at once to proceed to publication. The entire novelty of the various compositions and their extreme piquancy seemed to touch a long-forgotten chord in the epicurean soul. After the lapse of so many generations the spell yet worked. The magic formularies so long unspoken had lost none of their potency to conjure up the disused sweetnesses of olden times. The mysteries of the monkish *cuisine* were once for all unravelled,—and, in terms of honest and patriotic rejoicing, the Editor alludes to the fact, that whilst his countrymen of the present day meekly stoop to confess the superiority of the French kitchen, there yet existed, three long centuries ago, in his own German Fatherland, a native system of cookery, which any modern Gallic *artiste* might be proud to copy.

The entire work comprises 216 different receipts, arranged under four headings. The first of these divisions the worthy brother, naturally enough, devotes to the important subject of Fish. He gives the finny tribe the precedence on account of the frequent fast-days in which they were called to play so important a part. We cannot profess, with M. Otto's fair friends, to have tested the excellency of any one of these highly-seasoned dishes; but we are free to admit that simply to read them over has a most appetizing effect.

The brethren evidently loved well-spiced and toothsome compounds,—and doubtless the hospitable boards of the Monastery of St. Paul of Leipsic could easily have beaten the vaunted fish-dinners of the Trafalgar and the Artichoke (saving the whitebait, of course) entirely out of the field. How long shall we be condemned to those tasteless preparations or rather unsavoury crudities of boiled fish, which are amongst the inseparable preliminaries of every well-appointed dinner-table of the present day? To the monks, condemned as they were to a large proportion of fish diet, the palatable dressing of the inevitable jack, or carp, or perch, or whichever of the finny tribe it might chance to be, was a matter of serious importance. The talented cook of St. Paul's must therefore have been no small

personage in the eyes of his fasting brethren. Under his transforming manipulation, we can easily understand how the most insipid freshwater fish assumed a relish and a tastiness to which we are utter strangers. Thirty-four receipts are specially devoted to the scaly drove.

There is an amusing and at times grotesque quaintness throughout the work; but the language is so perspicuous that we should in our simplicity imagine that, by closely following the author's instructions, it would be next to impossible to make a mistake. Some of the writer's more favourite and choice dishes are distinguished by brief and pithy encomiums of the following kind:—*e.g.*, "Ist ein treffliches Herren Essen" (Is a sumptuous repast for a nobleman); "Ist ein hoffliches Essen, etwan für einen Bischof oder Abt" (Is a courtly dish fit for a bishop or an abbot). Our author winds up his directions for the preparation of a delicious "Stuffed Crab" with the sapient and salubrious caution, "Man soll sich aber in diesem Gericht nicht überessen, weil es bass schwer zu verdauen ist" (Care must be taken not to over-eat of this dish, inasmuch as it is particularly hard of digestion!). So much for the Fish! Our author next devotes 39 Articles (!) to the cookery of Fowls in general, including game-birds of every kind. To No. 6. of the list he appends the following note:—"N.B. Ist von meiner Muhme Walpurgis Hartzmännin an mir gelanget, so eine feine Kocherin" (Sent to me by my Aunt Walpurgis Hartzmännin, such a rare cook!). In a note to No. 12. the worthy writer asserts, upon the authority of a certain Dr. Negrini (he being himself of course quite inexperienced in such matters), that his preparation of minced fowl is a dish particularly adapted to the digestive organs of newly-married people. No. 24, again, ("Woodcocks and Ducks in Onions") is stated to be a particular favourite with a certain grave syndic of the name of Gustavus Körner. Then, again, we are assured that "Capons in Rosewater" make a "capital dish for a poor ecclesiastic or even a splendid meal for a young nobleman." A certain "Brother John" is stated to have brought back No. 3, with becoming forethought, from Silesia. We are also informed how the Holy Father in command of the kitchen of the Benedictines of St. Veit of Oldisleben courteously furnished "Brother Kämpfen with the receipt for a savoury preparation of venison to be served with Thuringian Sauce, when he sojourned under the hospitable roof of the convent. The above-named brother had, it seems, a keen eye to business of this nature when on his peregrinations, for he is again mentioned as having procured at least one more admirable receipt from his kind entertainer at St. Veit's.

There are no fewer than 66 different receipts under the third category, viz., of Venison and Meats. But the monks of Leipsic liked their sweets, preserves, and minor condiments, as well as their more substantial courses of fish, flesh, and fowl. The delicacies of this kind, therefore, form a very important item in the Monastery's standing bill of fare. For one of these, viz. a "baked confection of figs," a certain Right Hon. Bishop John is stated to have entertained an especial weakness. The original instructions for making it came from the far East. A holy brother brought it with him from Palestine, and upon his return imparted it to the gratified prelate. The Infidels, we are told, make abundant use of it during their periodical fasts. Notwithstanding, our pious author however sees no reason on this latter account why good Christians should not also partake of it with a clear conscience. "Die Stücklein hat der Hochwürdige Bischof Johann

sehr geliebet dem es ein frommer Bruder so aus dem Lande Palästina widerkehrt, mitgetheilet. In Asien essen es die Arabier und Ungläubigen in der Fasten, aber braucht sich kein fromm christlich Gemüth darob zu entsetzen."

Our author's epilogue is eminently curious, as affording no little insight into the methods of and appliances for cooking in the various establishments of his day. He tells us that it was customary, as with the lower orders in our own country at present, to carry their Sunday's dinner to the baker's early in the morning of that day, by which means they were provided with a hot meal at a very small expense!

The writer shall speak for himself:—

This much may for the present suffice about Cookery. Should any one, however, light upon any dish of particular merit, let him be so obliging as to make a note of it, and transcribe it herein, as Brother Kämpfen has again and again done. And be it remembered that Cookery is one of those illimitable sciences which are continually affording scope for learning something new. In a word, *Spartam nocturne, hanc orna*,—that is, he that devotes himself to the art must be contented to follow it up, to make it a lifelong study, and always to add to his stock of information. The children of this world act upon the above principles. They are perpetually revolving their projects in their mind, seeking to outvie each other in excellence, and not only to acquire a reputation and rest content with it, but evermore to push their inventions to the highest point of perfection attainable. It is sufficient, however, for my purpose, that I should here set down some portion of the science, and indicate *sedes ordinarias materiarum*, in order that he that comes after may find somewhat to improve upon, and thereby add to the comfort of his domestic arrangements. It is a common saying, "Iendlich sittlich," *i.e.*, every country has its own peculiar customs, even to the roasting of meat. In some places the office of roasting is performed by men. This involves the expense of hiring a scullion, or turnspit (*Bratenwender*), to stand constantly over the fire, and superintend the revolutions of the meat upon the spit, and this latter plan is productive of much inconvenience. Expenses mount up to pay the turnspit, expenses for coals and wood, expenses incurred by damages done to the viands through carelessness. Sometimes the fellow lets the spit take care of itself, and, of course, it soon comes to a standstill, one side of the meat being burnt to a cinder, the other remaining completely raw; or, on the other hand, if perchance the meat be properly cooked, in taking it off the spit he gives it an unlucky jerk, and slings it far away down among the ashes. Sad havoc is also made amongst the pots and pans by burning the bottoms out, and other wanton mis-usage. The cook's assistant, in his overseer's absence, perhaps, devours the dripping or spoils the gravy by dipping sops into it. Not unfrequently it happens that the turnspit himself, to the great detriment of his health, gets as completely scorched and roasted as the meat. In other places dogs do the roasting, and are so perfectly acquainted with their duties that they run in a wheel, and thus make the spit go round. Elsewhere they have flues constructed for baking in the stoves. The food is placed in a dish, and the aperture is closed by a tin door. This, doubtless, is a capital contrivance, especially during the winter. It creates, however, an overpowering effluvia, or odour (starcken Stanck oder Geruch), in the room, which every head is not able to endure. In some localities, again, the bakers heat their ovens early on the Sunday morning, and folks bring whatever they have to be baked, for a charge of two or three pence (*um zween oder drei Pfennig*), without further trouble or expense. This is the way things are done. And now I commend thee to the safe keeping of the Triune God and his dear Saints. Amen!

With the above appropriate extract we conclude our notice.

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## NEW NOVELS.

*Raised to the Peerage: a Novel.* By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—This is a novel written apparently after some approved receipt handed down to the authoress; but the ingredients are not well amalgamated, and there is a cooked flavour about the story which takes away any possibility of believing that things ever really happened as they are represented to have done. The whole story is fictitious and improbable to the highest degree, and the authoress has not the skill "to make seeming true." There are abundance of what are technically called "dramatic situations," and the personages of the story dress and place themselves in attitudes which would serve as models for an illustrated tale. There is a good deal of talent in the authoress, which, if she could trust to nature, would enable her to do better things; but this novel is so entirely made up of artificial materials and stage properties, not only in the matter of dress and decoration, but in mind and morals also, that the reader becomes weary and provoked. We have read worse novels, but seldom one that falls so disagreeably or so thoroughly. The mother of the hero is represented as a tender mother and a tolerably good woman,—but she is made to perform actions of such unmitigated villainy that anywhere except in a novel they would entail very unpleasantly practical as well as poetical justice. The hero is a weak young man, who earns his miseries, and obtains what he deserves; but criticism is idle upon creatures made out of canvas and cardboard, and coloured with rouge, charcoal, white lead, and lamp-black, and with no intermediate shade.

*The Count de Perbruck: a Historical Romance.* By Henry Cooke. 3 vols. (Newby.)—This "historical romance," we are told in an advertisement to the reader, is founded on one of Soulié's novels in nine volumes, but that the "original plot has been materially departed from, and the tale considerably condensed." To the above notice all that we have to add is, that in departing from the original Mr. Henry Cooke has not improved upon it, and in the condensation he has produced a complication of comings and goings which would bewilder a member of the Geographical Society. The subject of the romance is the conspiring that preceded the war in La Vendée. The intrigues of false friends and true patriots, midnight meetings, hurried journeys and narrow escapes, make up the material of the story; but all is so confused that the reader gives up the vain attempt to solve the difficulties. It is all the more hopeless as the author, or adapter, does not appear to hold the clue with any steady hand,—at times it appears as though he forgot who was who. The action, which in the original had more space to evolve itself, is under the present circumstances hopelessly huddled together,—what might have been made an interesting story is left in what housewives designate as "all in a muddle." If Mr. Cooke advises himself to take any more stories from the French, we counsel him to be content to translate them, and nothing more.

*Wreck and Ruin; or, Modern Society.* By Kinahan Cornwallis. 3 vols. (Newby.)—Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis deals in cataclysms instead of catastrophes. Nothing but wholesale and entire destruction will satisfy him, and no incident beneath an earthquake or a universal conflagration has any charms for his genius. 'Wreck and Ruin' is simply what it announces itself. At one point of the story (if story that can be called which is incessantly interrupted by some crisis of the most lively and agitating nature),—a number of the personages who have figured on the pages are gathered together and happily married each to the object of his or her affections. The wedding breakfast is allowed to go off brilliantly; but they are all sent away by a railway train, and in less than an hour those who are not killed are frightfully injured, and those who survive die of grief. Banks break into the smallest conceivable assets for the creditors; if there is a wedding it is ten to one but it is a bigamy; returned convicts run about the pages, and are quite as good as any neighbours they meet with. If a man makes a voyage he is certain of shipwreck or some disaster at sea, which necessitates being starved to death and feeding on friends and companions. The stabbings, poison-

ings, and plottings are of the deadliest, darkest; the conspirings "to do grievous bodily harm" to somebody or other are too numerous to mention. Being only mortal critics, we cannot cope with such stupendous incidents, and we fling down the pen.

*Freshfield.* By William Johnston, M.A. (J. Blackwood.)—There is interest in this story; but the style is somewhat vulgar, and the incidents have done duty so often that they cannot be called novel,—still it may be supposed that unless they had been found to answer and to possess good substantive qualities for washing and wearing they could not have lasted so long. There is an artless girl, with an unknown father,—a lover in a superior rank to herself,—an intriguing mother-in-law, who plots against her and successfully turns for a while "the course of true love" into a very contrary direction,—and there is, of course, a villain, who does all the dirty work; but all comes right at last, after the reader has been made as wretched as circumstances will admit or the sensibilities of his nature enable him to feel.

*The Dennes of Daundeleyn.* By Mrs. Charles J. Proby. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—'The Dennes of Daundeleyn' evinces a faculty of observation, a power of speech which is often amusing, and sometimes sarcastic. The sketches of character have the look of being drawn from the life. They are portraits of individuals, rather than types of character. The incidents are much like things that have actually occurred; even the spiritual appearances and quasi-supernatural passages convey the feeling that, if not within the experience of the author, she still is telling the tale as it was told to her. All these are good indications for a novel of life and manners; still, the novel is not a good one. There is a need of coherence. The story requires being gathered together and held in hand. The interest of the reader is frittered away and wearied in minute details, which lead to no general whole. After occupying many pages of elaborate description an incident or a character is left, and heard of no more. Of plot there is absolutely none; of story almost less. When the reader closes the book there is left on his memory only a confused impression of rambling details of the life of a family of girls and boys; of their different governesses in the schoolroom, and of their visits and vanities when they leave it; with a fine old uncle in the background, who has a fine old place in Kent, to which he is finally obliged to give up to his creditors, because he has speculated in hops, which was by no means his "calling." We do not say that a skilful bookwright might not have made an interesting book out of these same materials, but then Mrs. Proby has not the craft of authorship, and a novel will not grow wild. It is an artificial production, and needs as much care and design as if it were a small world to be created and provided for, and an author ought always to be capable of playing the part of Providence or guardian angel to all the personages with whom he peoples the world of his invention. Mrs. Proby has capabilities,—she can describe well whatever she sees and knows—no mean qualification for a novelist, and we doubt not that in her next book she will have the art to frame a coherent consecutive story; but it is an art she must be at the pains both to study and to acquire before she can write a good novel.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Roman Orthoëpy: a Plea for the Restoration of the True System of Latin Pronunciation.* By J. F. Richardson, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in the University of Rochester. (New York, Sheldon & Co.)—The author of this work is entitled to more attention than a mere theorist who points out the erroneousess of our mode of pronouncing Latin, without suggesting any remedy that has been put to the test of practical experiment. He has introduced the system he advocates among his classes for some years, and, in spite of some opposition from without, professes himself well pleased with the result. Hence he calls upon others to imitate his example. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy with him. If we are forced to abandon the hope of ascertaining the

exact pronunciation of every sound in use among the ancient Romans, there is no doubt we can approximate much nearer to it than we do. The only difficulty is to prevail upon all—or, at least, most—scholars to make the necessary change; and this is a difficulty, we are firmly persuaded, far greater than Prof. Richardson is disposed to admit. Because he has found the change easy and convenient in his own classes, he seems to think the practicability of its universal adoption proved beyond dispute. But a little consideration is sufficient to show that he is mistaken. In the first place, it would be no easy matter to induce all, or even the majority of, Latin professors and teachers to adopt his system of pronunciation. And even if that could be accomplished, it would be still more difficult, or rather impossible, to get those who have been taught upon the present system, which is associated in their minds with all the fond recollections of youth, now to abandon it for another which, however nearly correct, labours under the fatal disadvantage of being altogether foreign. Apart from all sentimentalism, the double process of unlearning the old and learning the new system would involve more labour than most would be willing to undergo. The present practice has at least the recommendation of convenience, and is supported by the prescription of centuries, which with Englishmen is an argument of greater weight than Americans may suppose.

*An Accented List of British Lepidoptera: with Hints on the Derivation of the Names.* By the Entomological Societies of Oxford and Cambridge. (Van Voorst.)—It is very proper that if Cambridge and Oxford study entomology they should, not like the unlearned, pronounce the Latin names of the genera and species of insects correctly. It is also very proper that the few men who study natural history at Cambridge and Oxford should make their Latin and Greek useful in the direction of teaching the Philistines how to pronounce. It is not unlikely, we think, that the objection of the intelligent public to the technical names of natural-history objects is as much their feeling of inability to pronounce the words correctly as against the words themselves. The fact is, the written syllables of all languages are very much alike, and it is pronunciation that creates the difficulty of acquiring them. The knowledge of pronunciation constitutes the learned and polite man all the world over. Here, then, we have a most benevolent attempt on the part of Cambridge and Oxford to educate the vulgar butterfly-hunter in the mysteries of pronunciation. The book is very well done, containing a list of great entomological authorities, with notes on their lives, and remarks on the names of butterflies. We can imagine the interest with which our artisan entomologists (of whom there are hundreds) in London, Manchester, Nottingham, and other large towns will run over the pages of this volume. But why get Mr. Van Voorst to publish it? he has never published a cheap popular book on natural history at all. Men without a Latin and Greek education cannot afford to buy his books. If this book had been printed more economically and sold for one or two shillings, it really might have done some good, but we fear, under present circumstances, the class for which it was intended will not get hold of it.

*A Handbook of the Microscope and Microscopic Objects.* By W. L. Notcutt. (E. Lumley.)—Introductions to the use of the microscope are becoming very numerous, and lead to the belief that the use of this instrument is becoming very general. This has undoubtedly arisen from efficient instruments being now manufactured at a much lower price than formerly. For this the public is mainly indebted to the prize offered for a cheap microscope by the Society of Arts. We understand that the house which obtained this prize has sold above 1,500 of these cheap microscopes, besides others of a somewhat higher and lower price. Quite as many have been sold in the same time by other houses, so that really good working microscopes in this country are now sold by thousands in the course of the year. Cheap microscopes require cheap books for the guidance of their possessors, and for those who cannot afford the more expensive works of







## THE AUTOGRAPH OF MILTON.

The Woodlands, Norwood, Oct. 6th.

MY attention being called to a paragraph in the *Athenæum* of last week upon the subject of certain receipts of the Poet Milton for monies received by him on account of 'Paradise Lost,' permit me to notice, that I believe there will be not much difficulty in eventually ascertaining by whom these receipts were, doubtless by procuration, signed. The Poet was at that period perfectly blind, though at the same time he might have been quite able to sign his name, as any blind person accustomed previously to the exercise of his pen might with facility do.

The receipt which was lately sold for an exorbitant sum, at the sale of the collection of autograph letters formed by the late Mr. Dawson Turner, was, I believe, never shown by that gentleman as the genuine autograph of Milton.

On comparing it with the fac-simile of the original document (then in the possession of Sir Thomas Grey Cullum), engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1822, it is very evident, from minute yet important variations, that the Dawson Turner receipt was a copy of the original there fac-similed.

I should not have trespassed upon your columns upon this subject, had I not been engaged for several months past in preparing a brochure upon the general autograph of Milton; in the illustration of which I have been permitted to make, among others, fac-similes of seven pages of that most interesting volume containing the "Juvenile Poems," in the autograph of the Poet, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

I herewith have the pleasure of forwarding to you one of the fac-similes from that volume. It is a portion of the Poet's original design of 'Paradise Lost,' written about thirty years before the work was published. You will there see that the writing was that of one whose mind was more attentive to the subject than to his pen; consequently, the specimen does not display any of that excellence in penmanship which is found in other existing documents, proving that Milton, as Latin Secretary to Oliver Cromwell, was not unskilled in the execution of what was very essential to his public position—"a good hand."

S. LEIGH SOTHEY.

The fac-simile referred to presents three several lists of "The Persons" in his tragedy of 'Paradise Lost.' The first two are scratched through with a pen. The third stands thus:—

"PARADISE LOST. *The Persons*:—Moses *πρωτολογία*, —Justice and Mercy, debating what should become of man if he fall — Wisdom —Chorus of Angels sing a hymne of y<sup>e</sup> creation. Act 1. Heavenly love. — Evening starre — Chorus sing the marriage song and describe Paradise. Act 3. Lucifer contriving Adams ruine —Chorus fears for Adam and relates Lucifers rebellion and fall. Act 4. Adam, Eve, fallen — Conscience cites them to Gods examination — Chorus bewails and tells the good Adam hath lost. Act 5. Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise — Presented by an angel with Labour, greife, hatred, Envie, warre, famine, pestilence—Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, mutes to whom he gives three names, likewise Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.—Death, ushered into y<sup>e</sup> world—Faith, Hope, Charity, comfort him and instruct him—Chorus briefly concludes."

A memorandum on the same page refers to "other Tragedies," namely 'Adam in Banishment,' 'The Flood,' 'Abram in Egypt.'

## ON THE DEVIATION OF THE COMPASS IN IRON SHIPS.

October 3.

IN the important discussions that have arisen out of the difficult subject of Deviation of the Compass, it appears to many practical seamen that their immediate and urgent want on board a small iron ship which has not a reliable standard compass,—namely, the means of correcting or allowing for the deviation of perhaps the only steering compass,—has scarcely been enough appreciated by competent theoretical mathematicians, excepting

the Astronomer Royal. Unquestionably, every means should be taken to verify or to check the compasses on board any ship, whether used as standard or otherwise, however placed, and by whatever method understood to have been corrected, verified, or examined. But in a small vessel a standard compass cannot always be conveniently placed for use, even if on board; and, in such a case, only the steering or binnacle compass is available.

As nights, and even days,—perhaps several nights and days—may be passed at sea without a chance of verifying or even checking the compass by any heavenly body or terrestrial object, a practical method of approximate correction is indispensable when there is no reliable standard compass available.

Such a correction, by means of fixed or adjustable magnets, has been provided by Mr. Airy,—and answers well when used properly.

It is scarcely sufficient to provide seamen with a rule for use in fine weather. They require instruction how to steer,—how to correct the compass in critical times, when fog, clouds, snow, or rain obscure the view. A standard compass, with a table of recent deviations, is a luxury beyond the means of a small iron coasting vessel; and even on board a large iron ship, it is not so convenient for current hourly use as a good compass corrected by adjustable magnets.

Some iron vessels have extraordinary deviations. It is extremely difficult to place a steering compass so that it will not be many points in error on board such structures of iron, embarrassed perhaps with heavy guns, shot, and blindages. But such cases must be met, and treated practically, on sound principles, as well as the familiar ones of small iron coasters having only one compass. And under such special circumstances, it is submitted that Prof. Airy's system is alone applicable. In what difficulties would not such vessels be involved—their compasses deviating many points from the proper direction—if they had no corrector?

Differences of opinion as to details—in adjustment of magnets or correction of compasses—do not affect the general principle. To tell seamen that they are in no case to avail themselves of correcting magnets, because errors have been caused by their improper use, seems like prohibiting a gun for fear of accident. Every check and precaution may and should be used with magnets, as well as without them; while their application should be accompanied by proper cautions and directions. For coasters, and such other iron ships as do not change their latitude considerably, such as Baltic, North Atlantic, and Mediterranean vessels, fixed magnets are extensively used;—and for southern voyages—in the tropics or in southern latitudes—the Astronomer Royal has suggested adjustable magnets, with suitable instructions for their use, which are to be obtained from the professional adjusters of compasses. ROBT. FITZROY.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, October 5.

NEVER did Grandame Fiesole look down more pleasantly on the turreted descendant at her knee than last night, when, according to yearly custom, the ancient Etruscan dame had wreathed her venerable brows with a coronal of illuminations for the Feast of St. Francis, the good lady's patron-saint. It was a genuine *festa* evening; one of that calm and cloudless sisterhood of autumn evenings which form perhaps the most delightful phase of the Tuscan year, so temperate is the warmth, so transparently still the air, so unfaded the summer richness of the landscape. It is many a year since the patronal festival of Fiesole has seen such a gathering of gay towns-folk and buxom *contadine*; the latter, if maidens, showing off trim waists, broad straw-hats at the back of smooth braided hair, and voluminous petticoats, on the arm of brother, father, or *damo*; if matrons, displaying their long strings of cut coral, or pearl necklaces of many rows, clasping the throat above the neckerchief; their silk aprons, and heavy pearl-studded earrings, all which are marks of the well-to-do among the peasantry.

I wonder whether the "highly respectable," but strictly anonymous "Tuscan," was at Fiesole to-day who wrote a few days back such a pathetic account to the *Times* of the dilapidated moral and physical condition of his poor country, which he represented as inartificially moaning (gagged, of course,) under the iron rule of a self-styled *liberal* Government, and piteously invoking with his prayers the uprising of the douce black and yellow banner, instead of that badge of a factious few, the flaunting tricolor. I should like to know if he made one of the ten thousand persons who are calculated to have visited, in the course of the day and evening, that queer terraced piazza of Fiesole, where the grim old Cathedral, part of it patched on to an ancient Roman edifice, stands in the dip between two rocky hills broken with vine and cypress and olive to two-thirds of their height. Did he sit and glower at the Cross of Savoy floating from the Palazzo Vecchio as he looked over the edge of the gaunt Fiesolan city wall, half made up of mighty cyclopean blocks heaped there two thousand years ago by a race who come down to us in white tunics and straight black hair, angularly attitudinizing on terra-cotta vases?

How he must have turned up his "highly respectable" nose at the baskets of crisp white *brigidini* (a sort of wafer-cake), stamped with "Vittorio Emanuele, nostro Re," and a very rudimentary sketch of the royal features, which were sure to be set out along the crest of the old wall to tempt the fair-goers, in company with piles of little dark green "*verdino*" figs and heaps of bounteous Muscat-flavoured "Salamanna" grapes. Why the very look of those grapes must have been worriment to the suffering Tuscan of *codino* tendencies, for the vine blight has been merciful this year, and the autumn sun has toasted one side of their rich clusters brown and crisp and tempting beyond their wont, in very defiance of the "*Beatitudine di Nostro Signore, Pio Nono*," who, ever and anon, relieves himself of a little indirect excommunication against this distracted wilderness of Tuscany! And late in the evening, when the illumination lamps (shameless tri-coloured lamps!) were lit, and the crowds trudged down the long Fiesole road, or away along the winding hill-paths to distant farm or village, I can hardly bear to think of the profound disgust with which the anonymous martyr must have listened to his poor enslaved fellow-sufferers feigning a light heart under their sorrows, and enlivening their starlight walk home with snatches of such vile anarchical ditties as the following,—

Up with the tri-coloured banner!  
One kingly chief shall right us;  
One glorious hope unite us;  
And God shall lead us on!

for, of course, poor wretches, under the present system of grinding tyranny they dared not give vent, as they would have wished, to their yearning reminiscences of the Austrian hymn.

In the course of yesterday afternoon, a quaint pencilling of Florentine life might have been jotted down in the courtyard of that huge pile of building called, *San Barnaba*; formerly a wealthy convent, now a hive of artists' studios. There might be seen a decently dressed admiring crowd, gathered round a bevy of street urchins, whose leader, a ragged little *gamin*, some seven years old, with bare feet, a curly pate, and a turn for rhyming, was improvising verse after verse on the political topics of the day with imperturbable gravity, amid the shouts of the bystanders, while his tattered chorus broke in at the close of every stave with the following burden, also of street manufacture,—

Then sing, the tree is dead,  
And never more will bloom,  
*Codini!* get to bed,  
For *Babbo* won't come home.

It was strange to hear these sucking politicians adroitly "touching up" the weak points of those high personages whose names are most familiar in the mouth of the people, especially where, to the great delight of the audience, the song alluded to the arguments said to have been used by Prince Joseph Poniatowski in his late fruitless mission on behalf of our would-be Grand-Duke Ferdinand, who, he declared, would in all probability, if

allowed to come back, graciously permit his ministers to do what they pleased with the country, and confine his royal attention to other and more pleasurable pursuits than constitution making or mending. But, in truth, there is no city where the *gamin* has a sharper eye and a readier tongue for the verbal caricaturing of public men and matters than Florence,—and he showed his aptness for it just as plainly four centuries ago, when Pope Martin, disowned by the Council of Basle, owed a temporary home in Florence to the favour of Cosimo *Pater patrie*, and happening to displease the *popolani*, had his penniless estate celebrated in doggerel by the urchins of the city, who tauntingly sang under his windows—

Papa Martino  
Non vale un quattrino!

—which may be roughly Englished thus:—

Here lives Pope Martin,  
Who's not worth a farthing.

So much for the parti-coloured bubbles of our popular life here. A more serious and far more important sign of the times is the legal marriage of two Tuscans, converts from Catholicism to that form of Protestantism called the Italian Evangelical Church, at their Italian place of worship in Florence. This union of two obscure individuals, under the full protection of their country's laws, in defiance of the Church of Rome, which has hitherto declared all such marriages invalid and the offspring illegitimate, strikes a severer blow at the insolent domineering sway of Rome, than all the coquetting of practised diplomats, or the hollow kettle-drumming of recalcitrant princes, standing out for privileges, and haggling over concessions with the "Father of the Faithful."

This notable change in the marriage-laws of Tuscany is among the first-fruits of the project of ecclesiastical reform undertaken, as I mentioned in a former letter, by Cav. Salvagnoli, with equal skill and firmness of purpose, to limit as far as may be the grasping power of the priests. The Italian Evangelical Church, an organized religious society holding doctrines somewhat similar to those of our Plymouth Brethren, has for some years been steadily gaining strength in Tuscany. Until the 27th of last April, however, its public worship (to speak paradoxically) was kept as secret as possible to avoid the persecution which attended any avowed leaning to Protestantism. Since the Revolution has given us full liberty of creed, a place of worship has been opened, and is fully attended every Sunday. This first Protestant Tuscan marriage was solemnized in presence of a large number of persons, and assuredly marks an era in this eventful time.

I am told that in Romagna the new converts may be reckoned "by thousands," and that the number of them is the greatest among the middle and lower classes. The absence of any organized priesthood in the new creed forms one of its chief attractions in the eyes of a population long accustomed, alas! to couple the idea of priestly power with every species of outrage and oppression. It seems that the elders have no sort of power beyond the four walls of their church; and even within them every one of the Brethren has an equal right to offer up prayer or instruct the congregation "if the Spirit give him utterance." It is easy to conceive the dread and disgust with which so simple a form of religion must be regarded at Rome, for shrewd Cardinal Antonelli knows too well that such a foe steadily and silently at work among the Papal subjects is far more to be feared than conspiracy or insurrection, and can neither be furnished with a passport and legally bowed out, as was the Piedmontese ambassador at Rome after his King's reception of the Romagnole delegates, nor hacked to death by Croat and Austrian lavishly paid and smuggled into the disguise of the hideous Papal uniform.

The decrees, which I mentioned in my last letter as on the eve of being issued by the Tuscan Government, are now in full force. Passports and custom-houses are done away with between the States of the League and Piedmont. The arms of the House of Savoy were set up last Friday on all the public buildings, amid the firing of cannon and the crashing peals of a tremendous thunder-storm. Friday was especially chosen for the purpose, be-

cause, being market-day, the Piazza was sure to be crowded with *contadini*, who were among the lustiest shouters in honour of the union with Piedmont; so that it will probably be now alleged that Piedmontese bribery is as rife in the country as in the cities of Tuscany.

The *Nazione*, of to-day, publishes the appointment of a Commission for the execution of several works of Art, which are to adorn the principal towns, and to be paid for out of the revenues of the State. Two bronze equestrian statues, of Victor Emmanuel and the French Emperor, are to be placed on the Piazza dell'Indipendenza. Two more, of Charles Albert and Victor Emmanuel, are destined for Leghorn. Other statues of celebrated men are to be presented to Siena, Pisa and Lucca. Besides these, a number of pictures are to be ordered, representing the leading events of the late war, and busts and portraits of some of the worthiest among the patriots of Tuscany, dead and living. Giusti, the poet-satirist, and Niccolini are expressly named. The designs for the statues, &c., are to be chosen by the Committee from sketches and models, which will be sent in before the 23rd of November, and exhibited to the public at the *Accademia delle Belle Arti*.

This haste of the Tuscan Government to exercise its patronage in the world of Art has been severely commented on by foreign journals, and from the stand-point of English notions it is, perhaps, difficult to defend it against all such criticism; but some allowance is to be made for the tendencies of public opinion among a people in the lives and thoughts of every class of whom Art, and all belonging to it, holds a much larger place than among our more utilitarian selves. TH. T.

Royan, September, 1859.

EVERY weary body and brain—no matter what its age may be—must have some time or other felt the necessity of change imply the second necessity of finding some unbackneyed place, containing much to observe but nothing to see,—none of those merciless excursions, to decline which, be the weather ever so frowning, subjects the recusant to the contemptuous pity of the Alpine Club,—none of those indispensable picture-galleries into which Love of Art must enter, out of which it too often brings a bewildering headache, and no distinct addition to the picture-galleries of Memory.—In such a mood the less beaten districts of France may be safely tried; and the further south is the trial, I fancy the more numerous become the chances of success. Suppose we begin at La Rochelle, now directly accessible by the Paris and Bordeaux railway; a branch of which turns off to the Huguenot town at Poitiers, through a country agreeable to those who do not disdain French landscape, and round St.-Maixent, meriting a warmer epithet.—The air of amenity and quiet prosperity, the excellent cleanness of La Rochelle, are inviting. Every child has learnt that the town has its port and its fortifications. The former is warded by two burly old towers, and winds away into the cheerful town, made fresh by trees, and poetical by its grand gateway and old churches, peeping over the house-tops, at high-water as pleasing an evening scene as painter could desire.—The main streets slope and wind somewhat, and are built on irregular low arcades; not without a sprinkling of black and white frame-houses, quaint corner turrets, decorated gables, and grotesque spouts, to rescue the perspective from baldness. The court-yards of the houses are full of bright flowers carefully tended. The people are handsome, clean, and civil; a welcome contrast, let it be noted, to the folk of Rheims; among whom, on St. Louis's Day, I met more drunken men than I ever did, during the same time, in any English town; falling in, further, with a bloody and brutal boxing-match betwixt two of the drunkards.—The liberal table of the *Hôtel de France* at La Rochelle is warrant for the abundance of its market; but the market itself is worth a visit, not only for the sake of its sumptuous provision of fish, fruit, vegetables, but that we may bargain with the old wives, brown and brawny, as arrogant as *Meg Dods* herself, capped with those wide, flat structures of snow-white linen and lace

which we began to notice at Poitiers. Among these may be seen, as a rarity, the more delicate head-tire of the Sables women—a peaked white cap, richly trimmed with double lace, and a transparent cockade, perched up behind its apex, which male fingers can draw but not describe. Then, the old fortifications devised by Vauban, now mouldering, and planted with trees, furnish abundance of strolls and picturesque episodes for the sketcher. The country inland, in one direction, is smiling, populous, and friendly; in another, it promises sport on marsh and moor. The sea has always a charm (apart from "fishing privilege"), even when it is watched from among the arid dunes of Holland. Here it is less desolately set. There is a handsome provision for bathing within easy reach of the gates. In every point of view, La Rochelle may content the weary as a halting-place, peaceful, not stagnant. It might prove eligible as a temporary residence.

The fine old English gentleman who, believing that our natural enemies will be at Shooter's Hill before St. Crispin's Day comes round, buries his plate in his back-garden (such men have absolutely lived not three years ago), would lose his temper at Rochfort, where much state ship-building is going on;—but what humour would not be soothed by a voyage up the Charente to Saintes, on a glowing September afternoon!—These minor French rivers have a placid grace of their own: witness the Erdre, from Nort down to Nantes,—witness this same Charente, the winding course of which lies among wooded meadows, with a rich hem of flowers and water-plants. Here and there is an upland, with a peaked pavilion-roof among the trees.—The divisions of the fields are now traced as with a film of coral, so plenteous are the berries on the hedges. Nor is the Charente without its "stations." First comes Tonnyay-Charente, where we pass underneath one of those lofty viaducts peculiar to France, as frail-looking as if *Arachne* had been the engineer, with its long arched approaches, and where we look out for the Château de Montemart, the family-house of that most insolent, most brilliant, and most beautiful of the women who ruled *Louis Quatorze*—*La Montespan*. Secondly, comes St.-Savinien, a sketcher's village, in its jumble of houses, staircases, shrubs, trees, and archways hanging over the stream, and the enticing ruins of a convent in the second distance.—thirdly, Taillebourg, with its ivy-grown castle, and, withal, high above the houses, a bastion, with tall trees, the battlement of which suggests a terrace, like the well-known walk at Haddon. Nor is the river dead as regards human creatures. The cubically-piled forage-barges, and the loading of them, give character and animation to the water. The labourers and boat-folk are busy, cleanly, and comely—the women not without touches of costume. The perpetual yellow and red handkerchief twisted round the head in succinct folds, which a sculptor might study, groups well with those wondrous machines of starched muslin we have been admiring, and adds character and colour to the group loitering on the bank, or lolling over a wall, as the boat creeps on its way up the stream.

Saintes, again, above which no steamer can pass, is a good halting-place, standing well on a ridge, by the side of the pleasant Charente,—with its Roman arch and amphitheatre, the spire and crypt of its church of St. Eutrope, and the heavily buttressed pyramidal tower, belonging to St. Pierre, by way of "lions." Capital and cheap inn-quarters of the old French kind in respect to succulent French cookery, but not of the old French kind in respect to chamber uncleanness, are to be found in the *Hôtel du Bureau de Vapeur*;—and if the traveller happens to alight there on the first Monday of the month, his talk may well be "of bullocks" for many a day after. Finer specimens of the quadruped could hardly be found than in the droves which clear midway and causeway on the monthly market-day. Who could have expected from such rough, teeming bustle and life to have been whirled back, as by *Harlequin's* wand, to Italian opera-houses, and footlights, and *buffo* singers? But I was so at Saintes;—for there, in the midst of the men in blue, and the women capped with white or yellow, and the fawn-coloured beavers, sat



the prototype of Signor Ronconi's *Dr. Dulcamara*—in the identical opera-gig, and with the very lean horse, and the very footman in hussar dress beating his drum, and the very booby on the step, nervous at having his tooth drawn in public,—at whom we have laughed so often in London!

Long as these notes are already, one more must still be added, in regard to a third halting-place on this zig-zag French journey,—Royan, at the mouth of the Gironde, three hours and a quarter distant from Saintes. When I spoke in Bordeaux, as I wrote for England, three years since, in admiration of Arcachon,—"Ah, but you should see Royan!" was the reply.—Since then, as Mr. Weld the other day mentioned in his book, the rivalry of the two bathing-places has become something like a neck-and-neck race. But the English, who are pleased with what is characteristic in Arcachon, will not give it up as first favourite. The situation of Royan, it is true, is delicious—curving round a fine bay, ending at the mouth of the Gironde by a headland of yellow cliff, tufted with pine-trees. The sands are ample and tempting, and the rocks furnish numberless tiny inlets or bays in which a melancholy *Jaques* might dream away the day unmolested. There is estuary, not sea-lake here; and, of course, bolder storm-pictures and waves in bad weather than at Arcachon.—But Royan has that confirmed, watering-place aspect which, be the air ever so bland, or the situation ever so winning, looks to town-wearied Englishmen somewhat haggard. Buildings are springing up everywhere,—smart new houses without number,—a *Casino*,—a *Bath-house*,—hotels to be finished against some future season, when it is to be hoped they will be kept better than I am assured is the rule of Royan at present.—Who does not know the attempts at small amusement of such places by heart? After looking out at night over the sea for the revolving rose-coloured fire from that fantastic lighthouse across the bay, Le Tour de Cordouan,—the lover of quiet has to thread his way homeward through a file of lit-up booths stuffed with watering-place trumpery, as busily alive as any *allée* at Baden-Baden,—astir with ladies in feathered hats, and hoops as grand and circuitous as those in our well-known print of the Pantiles at Tunbridge, which shows us Richardson and Johnson and *Mrs. Frasi*, the singer,—noisy with young claret-merchants, got up in the loveliest sea-side fashions for the month,—with children making *Darby* and *Joan* turn round in the hopes of a prize of *gaufres*,—with diligence-conductors and *lorettes* doing their bit of petty gambling for trashy crockery,—with a *Bordelais* version of *Aunt Sally* in all her glory, and *Punch* on a scale which would do no discredit to the Elysian Fields of Paris. Moving as these delights be to the mind of the French many, Royan is hardly to be commended as a resting-place for the English few to whom this letter is addressed, flourishing though it be, charming as is its natural situation, and deliciously light and winning as is the air.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In the fifty-sixth year of his age, Robert Stephenson has gone to his rest. If the years of his labour have not been, as compared with those of some other men, many, they were years altogether of labour only, and within their limits he achieved sufficient to render the names of a dozen aspirants to fame renowned for ever. His story is too well known to need recapitulation. He began, a poor boy at the knees of a poor father; but boy and father were of rare intellect, and they may be said to have aided each other in reaching that supreme position from which they can never descend. In every quarter of the world Robert Stephenson has raised imperishable records of his genius; and the stupendous result has been all accomplished within a quarter of a century. In the British Isles alone he effected enough for one man's lifetime, and many are the lines and majestic the monuments which we now possess in place of his presence. He built the "type" engines for this country and America, invented the tubular bridge, and raised the longest and loftiest viaducts that the world had ever seen. Europe is impressed by his mark, from Scandinavia to Italy. Asia marvels at the iron project by which she will be aided on the route to civilization.

Africa sees her ancient Nile bestridden by this giant; and America has a memento of his power in the Victoria Bridge. What was the poor man who piled up the loftiest Pyramid, to such a son of toil and triumph as this? He died on Wednesday morning, after a brief but severe illness; mourned by his friends, honoured by all. This death is set down as a consequence of too hard work,—but of that wholesome regimen no man ever died. It is by the anxieties which are the cost of greatness that men's hearts are shook and the threads of life are snapped. Outward influences tell fatally on health, and taken at disadvantage the mightiest worker is smitten down by an assault on his system, of which at other times he would scarcely have been conscious. But to die under a good as well as a great name,—to have it said that the heart equalled the head, and that feeling made bright the one as intellect illumined the other,—this is not to die before a fitting time. At all events, such a death is some consolation for this malady and struggle of life.

The Philosophic Institution of Edinburgh will commence its new session on the 4th of November, when Prof. Aytoun will deliver an inaugural address on 'The Popular Traditions and Poetry of the North of Europe.' The succeeding lectures include the subjects of Early Scottish History and Literature, by Mr. Carruthers,—The Elizabethan Age, by Dr. Daniel,—The Huguenots, and Protestantism in France, by Dr. Hanna,—and The English Puritans, by Dr. Tulloch. In the miscellaneous section, there will be lectures on 'China,' by Sir John Bowring,—'Japan,' by Mr. Oliphant,—'Volcanoes,' by Mr. Jukes,—'The Phenomena of the Superficial Formations,' by Mr. Robert Chambers,—'The Poetical Literature of the Elizabethan Age,' by Mr. M'Donald,—'Abstract Science in Relation to Industrial Applications, with Illustrations from Chemistry,' by Prof. Playfair,—and 'The Electric Telegraph,' by Dr. Wilson.

Mr. Garnett writes:—

"Although the Anonymous Corrector's substitutions of 'cheers' for 'chats' in 'Coriolanus,' act ii. sc. 1, and of 'cheer' for 'chair' in act iv. sc. 7, are certainly none of the happiest, he deserves our thanks for having directed attention to the corrupt state of both passages as now read. The first, I think, will be easily set right. Instead of

your prattling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry  
While she chats him ('Coriolanus'),

let us read—

While she claps him,

and we obtain a clear and excellent sense by a very slight and simple alteration. The second passage runs:—

So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time,  
And power, with itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.

The corrector mangles these fine lines most pitifully, without lighting on the real source of the error. *Chair* is put by metonymy for the insignia of authority in general. Had the action of his piece passed in a monarchical state, Shakespeare would doubtless have written *crown*. I think the passage will be best amended by reading—

Hath not a tongue so evident.

Power may well require a tongue 'to extol what it hath done'; the applicability of a *tomb* to that purpose is not quite so obvious. While on this subject, may I call attention to what seems to me a very corrupt passage in 'Timon of Athens'? In act iv. sc. 2, one of Timon's servants says—

Leak'd is our bark,  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat; we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

I, for one, can neither understand the phrase in italics nor correct it. I am, &c.,

"RICHARD GARNETT."

The Peers, and Lords by courtesy, are busy with the pen, and to some promise, at least, and to some purpose, we hope. Under Mr. Murray's auspices, the Duke of Wellington is about to give the Correspondence of his father while Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1807-9. The Earl of Westmoreland, turn-

ing from music, in which he has had little success, has been occupied on 'Memoirs of the Great European Congresses, from 1814 to 1821'; and if this work be done after the fashion of the gossiping "Prince" who wrote 'Le Congrès de Vienne,' it will be one of the most readable books of the season. Lord Wrottesley, too, has given his thoughts expression, and is about to publish them in 'Thoughts on Government and Legislation.'—Mr. Bentley announces the concluding volume of 'The Life of Fox,' by Lord John Russell; and the Messrs. Longman promise, as forthcoming, the final two volumes of Baron Bunsen's 'Egypt's Place in Universal History.' Of biographies of men of note, the Bentley series of 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury,' by the Rev. Dr. Hook, is one to be noted; and the announced Life of Bishop Hurd, of Worcester, will take us back to the scholars and courtiers of the days of George the Third. The whole history of the Court of that day is, however, to appear as a complete work, by Mr. H. Jesse. The Diaries and Correspondence of the once famous, and lucky "Hon. George Rose," give warrant of agreeable gossip and novel revelations. What this book effects with regard to the sayings and doings of one prince, will be done for a long line of royal highnesses in the 'Lives of the Princes of Wales.' The Murray list of biographies is as rich as Bentley's, including Lives of Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, Thomas à Becket, Robert Nelson, and Swift. From the same house we are to have a fragment of biography in the "Journal" kept by Sir Robert Wilson, when employed on a special mission at the head-quarters of the Russian Army, at the period of the French invasion; and a biography and something more in 'The Life of Reynolds and some of his Contemporaries,'—a posthumous publication, the work being by poor Leslie. But the crowning book in the Murray list is Capt. M'Clintock's Journal,—in the details of which we are all intensely interested. In the list issued by Messrs. Longman, we particularly distinguish 'The Life of Schiller,' a translation from Pallaske, by Lady Wallace, and the concluding volume of the series of "Sacred and Legendary Art" in the 'History of Our Lord,' by Mrs. Jameson. With such promises, the prospect of the coming winter is of the very pleasantest.

Ladies are becoming formidable competitors in poetry and art: Miss Isa Craig won the prize on the Burns festival; the author of the Prize Ode for this year's September festivals at Brussels is again a lady, Mlle. Pauline Braquaval, teacher at Warcoing (Hainault). The composer of this Ode, M. Radoux, of Liège, has won the prize of composition, which consists in the great travelling stipend, 2,500 francs annually for four years. The Academy of Fine Arts has awarded the prize for a history of the Art of Engraving in copper in the Low Countries to the end of the fifteenth century, to M. Renouvier, of Montpellier, and the prize for a history of carpet weaving in the Low Countries, to M. Pinchart.

Madame Dubois-Davenne has been entrusted with the execution of Béranger's bust in marble, for the sessional room (*Salle de séance*) of the Academy. Of M. Victor Hugo's newest work 'La Légende des Siècles,' three thousand copies have been sold in the first few days, though the price is 15 francs.

The Academy of Fine Arts, at Paris, held a solemn meeting on the 1st of this month, for the distribution of prizes for painting, sculpture, architecture and musical composition. M. Gatteaux was president; M. Halévy, secretary, spoke on the works of the pupils of the French painting school at Rome. After this the prizes were distributed; then M. Halévy spoke on Adolphe Adam; after which the solemnity was closed with the execution of the scene that had won the first great prize of musical composition.

M. Pauwels, a rich manufacturer at Brussels, long cherished by Belgian artists as one of their greatest and most liberal Mæcenases, has given commission to M. L. Gallait to finish in oil his picture, 'The Pestilence at Tournay.' The price stipulated for the work is 100,000 francs.

The entrance of the Museum at Berlin will receive a second door, one on which Art has been at work for thirteen years, and which is said by



Berlin critics to surpass the celebrated doors of the Church of the Madeleine and of the Pantheon at Paris. The design of this work is by the architect Herr Hüler.

There has been no lack of the solemn tragedy of ocean life and adventure of late,—witness the lifting of the veil which hid the fate of our North-Sea discoverers,—witness the details of the wreck of the Dutch ship *Constant*, which out-do in horror all that we have read since the narrative of the loss of the *Wager*. Yet at this moment Folly is ringing her bells loudly over a sea-farce for the benefit and notoriety of M. A. Dumas. A *Cette* journal was the other day full of this new yacht, built at Syra, with which the Author of 'Monte Christo' means to scour the waters in discovery of new books. It is manned by a Greek captain and six Greek sailors, who are shortly to show themselves in Paris in all the glory of Greek costume, brodered jacket, and fustanella, since the yacht is to be brought to Paris that its cabin may be decorated by the choicest French artists!

The Provisional Government of Tuscany, in spite of its anxieties, does not forget literature and science. Three *litterati*, under the direction of the home ministry, are commissioned to prepare a complete edition of the works of Macchiavelli, at the expense of Government. The equestrian statues of Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon the Third are ordered, and are to be erected on the Piazza dell' Indipendenza; six more statues for public places, at Florence, Siena, and Livorno, are on the list of works to be done immediately. Besides these, Government has ordered twelve large pictures, representing episodes of the Italian history and battles of the last campaign; likewise six portraits of distinguished Italians of the last Decennium, and two engravings, one of the portrait of Victor Emmanuel, and the other of the poet Niccolini.

"The guide of Vesuvius," writes our Correspondent from Naples, "*par excellence*," by name Cozzolino, thinks it worth while to send me the following notice:—'For full a month loud noises have been heard within and without the crater, and violent movements felt,—so much so that the whole mountain trembles, and even the houses in Resina are shaken. The lava on the sides of the mountain falls in large masses to the base. On some days the crater throws out in one direction fiery stones, and on the 4th inst. they were particularly brilliant. The crater has now formed two mouths, from each of which are thrown out "sætte" and red-hot stones. It has been opened with many fissures, and the lava is destroying the land and the houses of Novelle, obliging the population to fly and to remain in the roads. This eruption, for its long continuance and for the injury it has inflicted, is one of the most extraordinary on record in modern times."

Nearly all the German towns of any importance are making preparations for a worthy celebration of Schiller's centenary birthday. But not only in Germany, but in every country where Germans live, these preparations are going on, proving one pleasing fact,—that although German unity in politics is still a dream, and may be a dream for a long time to come, yet there is one unity, wherever the German language is spoken, in the love for their great poet. Most of the programmes which we have seen fix three days for the festivities (the 9th, 10th, and 11th of November), and only vary in the choice of the dramatic representations and the poetical and musical performances, which last now set many pens of poets and composers in motion. The Festival Ode at Paris, for instance, with words by Herr Pfan, will be composed by Herr Stephen Heller. The Committee of the Schiller Festival at Philadelphia have invited a German poet living in London to make a poem for the occasion; which, when composed, will be performed in all the towns of the United States in which the Festival will be celebrated. The Berlin programme is as follows:—On the first evening, in the Royal Theatre, Schiller's first drama, 'Die Räuber,' will be performed. On the second (the birthday), 'Wallenstein's Lager' and 'Das Lied von der Glocke,' besides that beautiful Epilogue of Goethe, which was first spoken at Weimar, on the 10th of August in the year when Schiller died,

and which was repeated ten years later, on the 10th of May 1815. With more beautiful words and deeper feeling never poet honoured the memory of poet. This evening, as of the principal day, will be wound up with some other act of solemnity in the theatre. On the third evening, Schiller's last drama, 'Wilhelm Tell,' which A. W. von Schlegel pronounced to be his most excellent work, will be performed.

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## SCIENCE

*Dura Den: a Monograph of the Yellow Sandstone and its Remarkable Fossil Remains.* By John Anderson, D.D. With Illustrations. (Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hamilton & Co.)

Dura Den is classic ground to the Scotch geologist, and must have been a fashionable resort for Old-World fishes. Topographically it is in Fifeshire, not far from St. Andrew's. It has few pretensions to scenic beauty, for it shows only low round hills, a church, trees, and sandstone quarries. All its celebrity is due to its stony contents and primeval condition, when billows broke upon the now sealess beach, and the little brook that runs wimpling through the glen was represented by the wide, deep floods. Geologically it is situated in a district which has been the theatre of striking displays of plutonic action. Here are tokens of subterranean movements, crushing and grinding the solid strata into fragments, parting them asunder like forest leaves or crumpling the tougher and more unyielding beds into complicated folds. As the storm raises the sea into lofty, curling billows, leaving long, narrow troughs and yawning chasms beneath,—so here, all over the surface has the earthy crust been broken up, and the mineral masses agitated and tossed like wrecks upon the waves. They have subsided into ridges, whose broken edges have been rounded off in the interior of the country, and are now covered with soil, and amongst these are broad, tabular masses. The tremendous disturbances of pre-historic ages have led to the present diversifications of broadly pastoral uplands, richly alluvial straths and valleys, deep, loamy hollows and green hill-sides, eminent fertility in agricultural conditions, and abundant deposits of lime, iron, and coal. In so pleasant a place has our Presbyterian clergyman a comfortable manse, an adequate stipend, an admiring flock, and a repertory of fossil ichthyology sufficient for a lifetime of honest hammering, even if he had no other fish to fry.

The term Old Red Sandstone, so familiar to the readers of Hugh Miller's popular book, suggests the idea of beds of dark brick-red hue, like the thick deposits of Herefordshire. But though the formation is the same, the parts of the series are different, and in Dura Den the sandstones are yellow, with red layers near them. They are peculiarly related, and "it may be safely averred," says the author, "that in no quarter of the world yet examined is there a group of rocks similar to those of Dura Den, unequivocally attested or asserted to belong to the coal-measures. But the Fossil Remains in all their types and characters are clearly sufficient in themselves to determine the question." It is only, however, of late years that zealous geologists have caught fishes here. A quarter of a century ago Dura Den was a sealed book, its letter-press unread, and its treasures of instruction unsuspected. A few quarrymen marvelled at the strange figures they occasionally met with in the rocks, but these were assigned

to witchcraft or the occult sportiveness of Nature. Doubtless, hundreds of specimens which would have made a hundred collectors happy have been broken up and gone to the roads to be trampled under foot. A lady of ancient lineage was the first to find and fondle a creature of lineage still more ancient, and to place it in the Perth Museum. Fish-scales had been thought to be odd oyster-shells; but a new light shone when, at a meeting of Presbytery in 1836, Dr. Anderson was called out of the midst of ecclesiastical colloquies by a mason, who showed him an entire fossil fish, plump and round, which he affirmed had "leaped into his hands" at the opening of a slab in Dura Den. This was the first figured specimen of *Holoptychius*, and it was but fair that it should receive the *agnomen* of *Andersoni*. It has very nearly the proportions of a carp.

Fossil fishes had now a market; they did not crumble under cart-wheels, and workmen got "white siller" for strange stones. Dr. Anderson visited quarries as well as his flock, found sermons in stones, and, it is to be feared, thought of stones while studying sermons. If quarrymen destroyed fishes, he menaced them with an admonition from the Presbytery. Nevertheless, on the 19th of March, 1839, he himself witnessed a horrid crime at Clashbennie quarry, where a workman smashed a fin of great size and beauty. Caution was given, reward promised for preserved fins and fishes,—and the very next day a splendid specimen was discovered; but, alas! a stray visitor was luckier than the Doctor and basketed the fossil, which now reposes, "the observed of all observers," in the British Museum.

Readers of this volume will find ample details respecting the anatomy and scaly armature of *Platygathus*, *Glyptopomus*, *Glyptolemus*, *Glyptolepis*, *Phyllolepis*, and *Diplopterus*,—and the whole *Holoptychius* family. Names so familiar surely require nothing but an introduction to the circle of our acquaintance! It should be mentioned that the Doctor has another title to fame in the "*Pamphractus Andersoni*," taken from a spot which was literally blackened by the shoal of "frog-like creatures," as the workmen termed them. One slab contained eleven fossil impressions. A wonderfully rich deposit is this Yellow Sandstone, for in it alone are the fossil remains of nine genera and eleven species; and a considerable space of rock, when last year cleared of superficial detritus, displayed nearly a thousand fishes in their stony bed. Let no adventurous collector, however, delude himself with the vain expectation of securing good specimens by visiting the locality,—for we ourselves, after a long sea voyage and days of daring, found that we were a day too late for the fish, and that Scotch lairds and ladies as well as Presbyterian priests had fenced round the preserves and monopolized the supply.

Amongst the interesting speculative questions which might be asked as we stand upon the pisciferous sandstones of Dura Den, none more readily suggested itself than this—What relation does such a deposit as this bear to geological time? The views now entertained by most geologists of the lapse of years during the deposition of sedimentary strata, suppose a scale of increment which hardly seems applicable here. The current estimate embraces an inconceivably lengthened and almost bewildering series of periods. The calculation proceeds not merely by hundreds or thousands, but even by millions of the terms of our numerical notation. If the fossiliferous beds of Dura Den form a part and proportion of this series, we must allow an immense length of time for their deposition. On the other hand, the position

of the fishes in the rocks points clearly to the conclusion, that they were suddenly and simultaneously buried in the sands and the silts of the period. Number, entireness, and perfection of preservation demonstrate that they were overtaken by one and the same cause of destruction, and instantly dropped to the bottom of the waters; for there never occur naturally dislocated or shattered fins, or confused and displaced scales; nor are there evidences of transportation or great agitation. All the indications are those of immediate inclosure in soft sandy sepulchres, and of a rapid process of silting up in the depths to which they sank. The fishes lie in narrow layers, as if in Egyptian mummy pits; and beyond these for hundreds of feet in vertical thickness, up and down through the rock, not a fragment or scale of a fish is to be discovered. Such a mass is completely non-fossiliferous, although it consists of several varieties of materials. From all which it seems impossible to avoid the inference that no long time could have elapsed during the progress of accumulation, for within a protracted period many organized creatures must necessarily have perished, and their remains must have been inclosed in the rocky bulk, which, however, as just observed, is blank and recordless.

Here, then, and likewise in similar pisciferous deposits of the same and of more recent ages, we appear to have a brief chronology by the side of one of enormous extent. How shall we account for the juxtaposition of two scales of time, so widely diverse, so incapable of comparison? Is it not as if on the broad dial of geological time there were two hands moving simultaneously in pre-ordered but distinct measurement—one being the hour hand, and pointing only to the passage of vast epochs; the other the minute hand, noting the lapse of shorter periods, like those of the imbedding of the fossils, and the silting up of Dura Den waters? May we not even conceive of a third hand, moving upon a dial of seconds, and indicating the brevity of the catastrophe that suddenly destroyed a natant family of fishes, and calmly, but instantly, consigned them to the bottom? Even in such a limited space as this there are themes for far-reaching thought and profound investigation.

The author has written carefully, and sometimes even eloquently, in the present and in his previous books on similar topics. It is singular, however, that none of the Scotch geologists have the pictorial and playful power of Hugh Miller's pen. Dr. Anderson is always solemnly stratified. If it may be for once a light illustration dawns upon him, he seems suddenly to hear the Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly exclaiming in tones of dignified rebuke,—"Brother Holoptychius! this levity does not become one of your order. It is with pain I remark that your fins are too fanciful, and your tail too waggish. You see that brother Glyptopomus is infected by your levity, and is shaking in his scales." After such an admonition, no wonder that fins become formal and tails rigid as the Yellow Sandstone itself.

The coloured illustrations to these pages are truly beautiful and remarkably faithful, as any one may see who visits geological museums where Dura Den fishes are exhibited. Two or three misprints in names offend the geologist's eye.

## SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Aug. 1.—J. O. Westwood, Esq., in the chair.—The Baron de Chaudoir, and R. W. Fereday, Esq., were proposed for admission as Members.—Mr. H. W. Bates, who has lately

arrived in England, after spending the last thirteen years in investigating the entomology of the region of the Amazons, was present, and warmly received by the Meeting.—Mr. Bond exhibited the larva of the female of *Drilus flavescens*, which he had lately found near Folkestone.—Mr. G. Lewis exhibited a living example of *Chlanius Shrankii*, one of a number he has lately taken at Luccombe, Isle of Wight.—Dr. Wallace exhibited a specimen of *Delilephila lineata*, taken by Dr. Burdett at Tremore, in Ireland, and some Lepidoptera, which he had lately found near Waterford.—Mr. Mitford exhibited some fine Lepidoptera from Folkestone, amongst which were *Trochilium chrysidiformis*, *Tinandra pratensis*, and *Spilodes palealis*.—Mr. McLachlan exhibited some Lepidoptera taken near Forest Hill.—Mr. Westwood exhibited a mass of the empty cocoons formed by the larva of *Hythia sociella*, found by Prof. Harvey in the stomach of a cow, which he conjectured must have swallowed with its food the nest of some species of Bombus, in which these larvae are found.—Mr. Tegetmeyer described a practical application of Shirach's discovery of the power possessed by bees of raising a queen from neuter or worker grubs; by means of which the contents of old hives can be taken without destroying the bees or sacrificing any brood. The plan consists in driving out the queen and about half the bees in the spring, and establishing them as a new swarm, when the bees remaining in the old hive have to raise a new queen from a worker grub; from the time required to accomplish this it follows that no eggs can be laid for about three weeks; by this time all the worker-producing eggs laid by the old queen will have been hatched out, and the cells filled with honey, when the whole of the bees are to be driven out, and the honey (which by these means will be found perfectly free from brood) retained for use. The plan had been very successfully worked at the bee-house of the Apian Society, and specimens of the results were submitted to the Meeting.

## FINE ARTS

Art, and how to Enjoy it: a Reply to the Question, How shall I know a Good Picture? Addressed to Amateurs interested in Painting. By Edward Hopley. (Low & Co.)

THIS is a small book full of small amateur thoughts on Art, that have grown out of a lecture delivered at a private conversation. It is chiefly remarkable as a proof of the want of books, good or bad, on Art. There is always a demand in the world for anything that professes to supply what is unsuppliable,—to cure what is incurable,—to give to the mind what cannot be given to it; so we suppose there will be a public even for the modest author who promises to teach his readers how to know a good picture. The modest author, who, in sixty pages, professes to supersede Art-critics, and lays down Art canons and first principles for the benighted world, may fully be depended on, especially when he enunciates such exquisite drawing-room axioms as—"By fortifying our natural instinct for the beautiful with judgment, we are enabled to enjoy the beautiful with discretion." Why, lo! here is a second Daniel come to show us the Art lions, and come with judgment; and we indeed see Daniel in his full magnitude when he declares—

"That so long as the knowledge of the proper qualifications of a fine picture or statue remains the privilege of the few rather than of the many, so long will false criticism abound, and inferior Art flood the market and the drawing-room."

Nature, study, and practice make a man an authority, says Aristotle. We should have rather said, assurance, readiness, and smartness,—for these are Mr. Hopley's special gifts. Quintilian says, no one but an artist can judge of Art, and Mr. Hopley quotes him,—so we presume Mr. Hopley is an artist (certainly not a known one). An outpour of greater spite and nonsense about Art-critics we never met, and all turning on a trivial mistake of the *Times* about Lord Methuen's Raphael. But, to do him justice, on the one subject of Art progress our rash author is sensible enough, as, for instance:—

"We may be sure, however, when the demand for elegant hazy-makers, unimpeachable market-girls, interesting ankles

crossing babbling brooks, fascinating barmaids administering unexceptionable sherry-cobblers, and soft mezzotints of young ladies with too little drapery on one portion of their frames and too much on another;—when such trash as this shall yield place on our walls to elevated moral and historical triumphs; to records of noteworthy achievements (and our history is full of such, and particularly rich in sacrifices of the gentler sex); when, in short, intellectual works shall be more generally demanded by the educated classes for the instruction of their families and the decoration of their homes; then we may be sure the real Art-power of England will respond to the call, and our country prove herself as illustrious in elevated Art, as in Commercial, Scientific, and Manufacturing ability. Painting must cease to be considered a pleasing superfluity, before it can be acknowledged in its true dignity. Noble works of Art, either originals or fine engravings from fine originals, should be felt necessary to every home. Until this sentiment becomes general, dogs and cows and horses must continue to eclipse Apostles and Benefactors and Heroes. Until our Governmental and Spiritual teachers recognize the power of Art, to incite virtue and morality—the followers of Art, with us, will continue in much the same position in which Raphael would have found himself had the higher walks of his profession been interdicted him: he would, perhaps, have fallen back upon the canine or equine department, without equalling our renowned Landseer or Rosa Bonheur, after all. It is certain that there is not at this moment, in England, any gentleman greatly celebrated as a scriptural painter—the religious element with us notwithstanding."

Now saying that good Art will rise when rubbish ceases to sell, means merely that good Art will come when good Art will sell. The demand produces the supply, as every one knows; yet still in Art sometimes just before the turn and change a supply produces a demand. With genius, for instance, that produces exceptional and hitherto unknown works, the supply creates a demand; if genius waited for the demand it were no genius. There was no demand for railways; no demand for the New World; no demand for balloons. Art in houses has never yet been considered anything but a luxury. What is the first expense men curtail in hard times? Why, books and pictures. The great time of Art will be when pictures and engravings become almost necessities of life, just as frescoes and altar-pieces were in Raphael's time. Let Art-critics alone, Mr. Hopley; they will rise as pictures rise,—and be sure that if another Raphael appears (perhaps this time in some dim nook in Pentonville) critics of his own calibre will arise to judge him.

In the author's enumeration of the necessary tests which must be applied to a picture,—i.e., 1st. Invention, or Creation,—2nd. Expression, or Language,—3rd. Composition, or Grouping,—4th. Drawing or Proportion,—5th. Colouring, or Surface Painting,—6th. Handling, or Manner,—and, 7th. Grace,—we partly agree; but yet a great picture may be weak in half these attributes, and yet be a great picture. Michael Angelo had no colour, and Rembrandt no grace; Giotto no handling, Claude no invention, and Gainsborough no drawing; yet they were all great men. Photographs have no colour, yet are surpassing in chiaroscuro, which is the basis of all colour.

Now the danger of Mr. Hopley's sort of writing is, that it tries a young Art aiming at originality, and at things not yet done by the test of bygone schools and dead ideals. Raphael's ideal was a Roman Catholic ideal, turning chiefly on Virgin worship,—therefore, is not for us. Michael Angelo's was naked gladiators,—now, nude pictures do not sell—therefore, are not for us. Claude's was artificial landscape—we are content with real,—therefore Claude is not for us. Poussin was all bas-reliefs and statues,—he is not for us. Rembrandt was all light and shade,—we prefer sunshine and colour: we do not want Italian nature, history, and religion, but English history, religion, and nature, and no Raphael has yet touched either of the three.

On the mission of Art in England, as the cant phrase goes, Mr. Hopley is more sensible, and shows less of the amateur. He says:—

"We feel confident that the nobility of the profession of the true artist has been manifested, and that it ought not to be permitted that so honourable a pursuit should be less esteemed in our age of progressive refinement than it was during that mediæval period when the countries of Europe had barely broken through the thraldom of the dark ages. Artists were of importance then, as they might be now, to the governing powers. Raphael was, at the time of his death, about to be elected as a lay Cardinal, by Leo X., for the great services he had done the Church. Leonardo da Vinci expired in the arms of Francis I. Titian was created, by the Emperor Charles V., a count Palatine; and Henry III. of France, coming from Poland, could not go through



Venice without visiting him, of whom all the poets of the time sang praises. \* \* And this leads us to that division of our theme which more than any other relates to the gentler portion of our readers—the ladies of England. It appeals to them in their proudest position, that of superintending the education and training of the rising generation. How much depends upon the mothers and daughters of England infusing into the younger branches of the community elevated ideas of the delightful science we have been considering! For in theory, and in practice, painting and sciences. Science is said to be the regular development of any branch of knowledge. The artist cannot know too much. The progress of perfect Art is ever towards Truth; and its perfection is the ideal of the Beautiful. Its mission is, or ought to be, to record whatever is noble, honourable, loveable, engaging, chivalrous, and grand. It appears to appeal loudly to those who guide, instruct, and nurture us, mentally and bodily. And to whom, more than to the women of England, should pure Art turn for patronage? Is it not for them to banish all things offensive from their walls, and to encourage there everything pleasing, beautiful, and worthy?"

We do not stop to notice the numerous mistakes of the book, as, for instance, where the author says every great artist has been a good man; but we cannot allow his dictum on colour to go unnoticed. Mr. Hopley calls good colour "florid," and bad colour "refined," and adds:—

"We may remark, that Critics of sensibility never object to that delicate abstinence from positive hues frequently practised by Scheffer, and which is so advantageous to the ideal character of his works."

Now, who does not know that Scheffer's "delicate abstinence" was an utter incapability to appreciate colour?

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—There is a pleasant prospect for purchasers of engravings whose tastes do not incline towards dogs, horses, and other zoological subjects, of which there have been of late years so many. We had begun to fear that the day for engravings of large historical pictures had gone by; but, we are happy to say, there is good assurance to the contrary. Mr. E. M. Ward's celebrated picture, the 'Royal Family of France in the Prison of the Temple,' is about to be placed in the excellent hands of Mr. S. Cousens, R.A.,—an engraver worthy of the artist. The original picture was bought, from Mr. Ward's easel, by Mr. Newsham, of Preston, whose liberality with respect to it deserves a word of notice. Mr. Newsham has already lent it three times for exhibition; and he has now, disinterestedly, consented to part with it during the necessarily lengthened period which will be required to fittingly execute the engraving.

The Raphael and Michael Angelo drawings have not yet returned to Oxford. They are still at the South Kensington Museum, and have been removed to a lower room, with a much better light upon them than they had during their occupation of the galleries, which are now filling with the modern pictures from Marlborough House. Students seem hardly sufficiently aware of the importance of these Oxford drawings, and of the comparative ease with which they may be seen.

The Paris Academy of Fine Arts has this year, as usual, selected classical subjects for competition in Painting and Sculpture.—Coriolanus for the one, and Mezentius for the other. At the Exhibition for the awarding of prizes, a picture by M. Clément, who is now studying at Rome, was remarked as displaying more than ordinary promise.

An Exhibition of the paintings of M. Court, whose ambitious compositions are familiar to all frequenting French modern galleries, has been opened this week.

An Exhibition at Courtrai is exciting some attention, the contributors being artists from France, the Low Countries, and Germany. The journals state that the number of pictures sent thither has been three times what was expected, so large is the patronage of Art in the frontier manufacturing towns.

The central spire which has sprung up on Notre Dame of Paris with the rapidity of a tropical flower, will be thought by many not to add a beauty to that solemn cathedral, though, possibly, it may have been reared according to the strict letter of the original plan,—for in these things the French are exact, and not given to indulge the private judgment of modern imagination. It is too taper, too toy-like,—as if it were the mere protruding pinnacle belonging to some more huge and massive composition submerged far down; and—being

in no respect more significant or solid than the spire of *La Sainte Chapelle*, which shoots up not far off, in perfect proportion to its own building—it suffers from the neighbourhood of its sister. Seen from a distance, too, it fills up the opening betwixt the impressive and massive western towers frivolously rather than effectively. But we have elsewhere been struck with the anti-climax which the designers of these grand Gothic churches permitted themselves. As an instance, the design of Cologne Cathedral, known to be authentic, merely shows a comparatively low lantern at the centre of the cross, which *must* (supposing the gigantic western towers and their spires ever raised) have the effect more or less of something inferior, impoverished—falling short, and crouching for concealment behind the gigantic features of the *façade*. If it were not heresy to examine such matters in place of "wondering with a foolish face of praise" at whatever our ancestors did, or omitted to do, we should be glad to see this subject taken up in all its bearings by some of our architectural authorities, with regard to the question (a difficult one) of harmony in proportion.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the Management of Miss Louisa Fyde and Mr. W. Harrison.—The production of the English version of Meyerbeer's *Opera of DINORAH* having been honoured with complete success, the Management have the gratification of announcing its representation every Evening until further notice. MONDAY, Oct. 17th, and during the Week, DINORAH. Miss Louisa Fyde; Goethals, Misses Pilling and Thirlwall; Hoel, Mr. Santley; Louis, H. Corri; Claude, St. Alby; and Cornet, Mr. W. Harrison. Conductor, Alfred Mellon. A Divertissement, Mdlle. Rosalia Lequin, Pasquale, Pierron, Clara Morgan, Mons. Vardis, Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray. Doors open at Half-past Seven, commence at Eight. No charge for Booking and Box-keeper's Fees. Prices of Admission:—Stalls, 7s.; Private Boxes, 4s. 4s.; 3s.; 2s.; 1s. 6d.; 1s. 4s.; 1s. 2s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.

**ST. MARTIN'S HALL MONTHLY CONCERTS.** under the Direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH.—THE FIRST CONCERT will be given on the EVENING of WEDNESDAY, November 18. Prospectuses may be had at the Hall.

#### THE AUTUMN OPERA SEASON IN PARIS.

IN redemption of the promise lately made to offer some notice of the novelties talked of and lately produced in Paris, we begin without preamble at the *Opéra Comique*.

There some activity is obvious, both in the form of new appearances and new works.—Our neighbours have accepted their 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' the tale showing how *Queen Elizabeth* displayed her love, in a tavern, to *Shakespeare*, when the playwright was drunk—with subsequent adventures no less probable—from MM. Leuven and Rosier, and with the music of M. Thomas. That marvellous opera ran its hundred nights ere it was laid by. It has just been carefully revived, to introduce a new *prima donna*, Mdlle. Monrose. Another artist from the school of M. Duprez—of a stage family, and thus, it may be said, born to the theatre. Mdlle. Monrose has a good *soprano* voice, least good in those topmost notes which all *sopranos* will insert when and wherever they can, in spite of the terrors of the modern pitch. Her execution is generally firm—her appearance is pleasing. There is nothing at present to fascinate in Mdlle. Monrose; but everything to promise another of those firm, intelligent, available singers who are only to be found in Paris. Her right place may ultimately prove the *Grand Opéra*.—M. Montaubry, the tenor, has improved, having grown more of a singer and less of an imitator of M. Chollet than he was. M. Warot, an accessory tenor, sings his *romance* with such an agreeable voice and good taste, as to prove himself a charming artist of the second class.—The first autumnal novelty, 'La Pagode,' has a poor *libretto*, by M. St.-Georges, built on the hackneyed story of an European officer who falls in love with one whom he thinks a Brahmin priestess. This has been set to music as essay-piece by a young composer, of whom it will suffice to say, that he seems to have attempted little, and perfectly to have fulfilled his attempt. The new ladies who appeared in 'La Pagode' are unusually poor, their place of exhibition considered.

The *Théâtre Lyrique* has duly opened for the season, and the promises of its manager, as stated in the papers, for the coming campaign, are a new

opera by M. Semet for Madame Ugalde, Gluck's 'Orphée,' with Madame Viardot; further, three-act operas by MM. Maillart, Poise, Rey, Gounod and Clapiesson. When a list is so liberal, it is safe to read "or" instead of "also," even in the case of a management so indefatigable as that of M. Carvalho.—His theatre deserves honourable support, were it only for its revivals.—For the first time in our musical memory has Mozart's 'Enlèvement' been well represented. As it stands originally, the opera of 'Die Entführung,' written for exceptional persons, is beyond the capacity of any ordinary troop of singers,—its beauty impaired by tediousness—and its story prolix and silly. The French *librettists* who have touched the book have not made it wise. They have been compelled to bring about a sudden solution of a difficulty added by them to make it interesting; but the drama now moves, and may now be accepted among *buffo* operas.—That which has been done by the music is judicious. The position of one or two pieces has been changed: some few redundancies have been taken away,—one of the tremendous *soprano bravuras* has been transferred from the part of *Constance* to that of *Blondine*,—the local colour has been enhanced by the melodramatic repetition of Mozart's Turkish music, to support the stage-business. Then, by way of *entracte* to the second act, Mozart's 'Rondo alla Turca' has been scored, and so irresistibly, by M. Gounod, as to get its nightly *encore*. The purists have been thrown into great wrath on the occasion, forgetting that Mozart set the example, by scoring one of Handel's *Musettes*, to occupy an analogous situation in 'Acis.' Wrath or no wrath, the fact remains unaltered that Mozart's comic masterpiece has been successfully restored to the stage under conditions different from those of unauthorized tampering, such as we have seen (to our shame) in London; and such as were the rule in France with regard to foreign operas, when men like M. Castil-Blaze undertook to pull to pieces, to eke and to amend them. The performance at the *Théâtre Lyrique* is very good. The action now mainly lies on Madame Ugalde (*Blondine*), who sings the murderous *bravura* referred to with great firmness, shirking neither *roulade* nor *altissimo* note, and who acts with due assurance and vivacity—and on M. Battaille, who is *Osmiin*. This gentleman is about the most accomplished stage *basso* we recollect. His voice, never very sonorous, may have lost some power, but it is still perfectly under control within its extensive register,—even—flexible, and at the service of musical skill. Whatever passage can be written for such a voice, whether the same be grave or gay, M. Battaille can present like a real artist. His *Osmiin*, too, in its dry stupidity, veined by suspicion and jealous ferocity, is a piece of acting which may rank with the best of such men as Lablache and Signor Ronconi. The other parts in the 'Enlèvement' are fairly filled, and the opera, as it stands, should, we repeat, and we fancy will, keep the stage.—Mdlle. Sax, a new *soprano*, having a voice more powerful than is common in France, made, the other evening, a good first appearance at the *Théâtre Lyrique* as the *Countess* in 'Figaro,' which masterpiece goes very well in its French dress,—the concerted music and stage-business with greater neatness and animation in union than are attainable out of France.—The next revival will be that of 'Orphée,' the superintendence of which, we are glad to learn, has been confided to M. Berlioz. Owing to the large number of impurities in the copies, and of variations in the French and Italian versions of the opera, the task is one requiring no common patience, sagacity and knowledge of the master. Meanwhile, production has not stood still at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.—Two good subjects, the rise and progress of Lulli, and our English national hymn, (here attributed to the Italian *marmite*), of course, in utter defiance of Mr. Chappell, have been thrown away in 'Le Violon du Roi,' a three-act comic opera, the first of M. Carvalho's novelties. The composer is Mr. Deffes, who never gets beyond prettiness, and as seldom shows any of the skill of a trained artist. One or two of his melodies, the slightest of the slight, are good-humoured, without being vulgar. The book is equally flimsy, and had not the execution been good, 'Le Violon' might be described in the



same words as 'La Pagode.' There is no novelty in such productions, save the names of their writers, compared with whom such forgotten melodists and musicians as Philidor, Monsigny, Delagrè and Della Maria, would be novelties indeed. —The city of Paris has claimed the *Théâtre Lyrique* with a view of driving some new street through the corner of the Boulevard where it stands. A new theatre in its stead is, we understand, to be built in the Place du Châtelet.

Last on the list—how changed since the days when it took the lead!—comes the *Grand Opéra*. The earnestness with which the supporters of this state establishment dwell on the "improbable height," the luxurious "developments," and the few deep notes of Mdlle. Vestvali, is melancholy. It was only yesterday that the same sworn praisers were declaring that Madame Borghi-Mamo was indispensable to the theatre. Bellini's weak and sickly opera could not keep the French musical stage, even if its *Juliet* and *Tybalt* were the graceful singers that Madame and M. Gueymard are not. —In his *feuilleton* on 'I Montecchi,' M. Berlioz contributes a word to modern *memoranda* on Shakespeare-operas by commending in detail Steibelt's music to the tragedy, spoiled though the tale was, for Steibelt, by some incompetent *librettist*. We are inclined to trust this commendation: having long felt that Steibelt, as a composer, has been too indiscriminately underrated. He was a melodist, besides a fancier of finger-wonders, as the tune to which Keats wrote the song—

Hush! hush! tread softly,

and the well-known 'Storm' *Rondo* may remind those who care to seek no further. He was more than a melodist in some of his duett *Sonatas*, there showing no common expression and passion, which later rose every now and then to grandeur—often intolerably prolix, it is true—sometimes needlessly mechanical—but generally starting from some clear and characteristic idea. Such a composer ought not to be so entirely laid on the shelf, as seems, for the moment, Steibelt's case. —To return from a good composer to a bad singer: the opera of Bellini and its *Romeo* are found failures by the public. The lady seems unequal to the French repertory adapted to a low female voice; and there is talk of fitting her with new parts: such as *Jeanne de la Hachette*. A resetting of the story of Dido is also among the rumours. Ere either feat can be accomplished, some newer *cantatrice* may be found, more improbably tall, otherwise more attractive, and even less of a singer, and the plan accordingly be laid by. Meanwhile the theatre is falling back (falling to pieces one might justifiably say) on the Italian repertory. 'Semiramide,' patched up with dances by M. Caraffa, is to be prepared for the introduction of the sisters Marchisio. M. Gounod has been commissioned to produce a new work at the *Grand Opéra*, on a subject no less ambitious than 'The Deluge.' If the tale be true, the choice of subject, we cannot but think, is a mistaken one. —The wonderful tenor who is always to come out has not yet come; but M. Michot has been summoned by State-edict to leave the *Théâtre Lyrique*, and try his fortune in the *Rue Lepelletier*; and it is said, seriously, that M. Roger has the painful intention of re-appearing on the stage with a false arm—having for that reason declined two official appointments which have been offered him since his accident. Then, besides a wonderful tenor, there is always a wonderful woman to come. This year the *bulbul* that is to be is no noble lady—nor has she a hump on her back, but she is an escaped Odalique—Sersafas Hanum, by name,—who has escaped from the gilded grate and the *arabiah*,—so strong has been her passion for the Christian musical stage, and so incomparable is her voice. —Meanwhile, the swoop on the land facing the end of the *Rue de la Paix*, which is to open a wide street up to the Norman railroad, and to imply other of those wholesale changes so numerous in Paris during the Second Empire, is to give the city a new grand opera-house, it is said. The work of demolition has, at all events, commenced, and with it the filling up of the *Rue Basse des Remparts*, the existence of which, as we pointed out some time since, is next to incompatible with a theatre requiring liberal means of access and exit.

**PRINCESS'S.**—The little drama of 'Le Gant et l'Éventail,' under the title of 'Love's Telegraph,' originally produced at this theatre under Mr. Maddox's management, was revived on Monday. Mr. Harcourt Bland undertook the part of the Princess's Secretary, and thus asserted his claims as an actor in the school of Charles Mathews; but he wants the lightness and airiness of that gentleman. Serious characters would better suit, we think, his talent and appearance. Mrs. Charles Young, as the Princess, acted with grace and feeling, and Miss Kate Saville merits praise for the neatness and *naïveté* of her style. The plot of this piece is ingenious, and, in a stage sense, telling. The telegraph alluded to in the title consists in a plan invented by the two lovers, for deceiving the Princess, according to which the lady twirls her fan, and the gentleman twiddles his gloves, when addressing each other in the presence of the Princess, who thinks all the discourse is intended for herself. This is a mechanical arrangement which is sure to be effective, and might have been made even more amusing than it is. The conclusion of the drama is unsatisfactory. Love sacrificed to state-policy forms a most unromantic *dénouement*.

An opportunity was found to display Mr. Widdicombs's humour to better advantage, by transplanting 'The Two Polts' from the Surrey to the present stage. Both as the itinerant hawk of Bath-post, and the assumed Grenadier, the comedian is irresistible;—and will probably soon be thoroughly understood by his new audience. Mr. Widdicombs is not merely a "low comedian"; we intimated that he was something better than this when speaking of the thoroughly "sensible" way in which he enacted the Gravedigger in 'Hamlet.'

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—Mr. Smith is utilizing his Italian Opera company by giving three nights of performance, with Mdlle. Piccolomini, Signors Belart and Aldighieri, at Drury Lane Theatre this week.

Dr. Wyld announced his cheap 'Messiah' at the *St. James's Hall* on Monday last, having got the start of Mr. Hullah, who does not commence his concerts till the 18th of next month. What a power is there in this work! There is no taking up a week's file of our provincial papers without finding it advertised. It might be averred without exaggeration, that not a week of the year passes without its being performed in some part of England or other. No analogous "run" has ever existed in the annals of music,— "a run" which Time seems to increase, not to slacken.

A prospectus is abroad, the object of which is to do honour to Mr. Cipriani Potter, on his retirement from the Presidency of the *Royal Academy of Music*, by founding a scholarship there, which is to bear his name.—There is not, we believe, a more honourable man in the profession than Mr. Potter. He is a skilled musician; and, as a composer, as we have more than once said, he is more excellent by many a bar than many of the more inflated aspirants of modern days. A testimonial is the due of such a Professor. It is a pleasure to help it; but if regard for private worth is to take the form of crutching-up an establishment which has no real existence, the lovers of musical education and progress in England may be allowed to express a wish that some other and more durable form might be chosen; since the Academy, being no school, so much as an establishment depending on a charter, and a small amount of aristocratic patronage, turning out no pupils,—cannot live in its present state.

The "whirligig of Time" may always be trusted in the case of real men. Philidor is now getting his turn. Only a few months since this popular and successful French composer was cited in the paper read before the Society of Arts as a remarkable example of that power of abstraction and combination which has distinguished so many great musicians. By some among the English audience, who should have known better, he was merely remembered as the chess-player who beat at one sitting Count Bruhl and Mr. Mazeres, making a drawn game with Mr. Bowdler, his third adversary. The Handeliens had forgotten that the French calculator was said to have set

Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast' during his residence in England (a tale the clearing up of which may be recommended to any musical antiquary)—albeit their contempt for French opera—though somewhat mitigated within the past quarter of a century—extended, of course, to his theatrical works, which divided "the rule of the town" in Paris. Now, however, the lover of musical reading may be recommended to a monograph on Philidor, by M. Pougin, which has just appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*.—There is in it a letter from Diderot, concerning the identical chess-tournament which has been mentioned, too characteristic of French appreciation in all its forms to be overlooked.—Philidor had written home, that to prepare for such an extreme mental effort as the three simultaneous games, he had been compelled, for several previous days, to adopt a strict physical regimen. On this Diderot commented thus:—"I am not surprised, Sir, that in England every door should be shut to a great musician and should be open to a skilled chess-player. Yet we are not much more reasonable here than they are there. You will grant, nevertheless, that the reputation of *Calabrois* (a celebrated chess-player of his time) will never equal that of Pergolesi. If you have played three games at once without profit having any share in the matter, so much the worse. I should be far better disposed to pardon you such perilous experiments if, by making them, you gained five or six hundred guineas. But to risk one's reason and talent for nothing, is not a thing to be comprehended. Its madness to run the chance of becoming idiotic because of mere vanity.—Yet more, suppose one were to die after the close of such an effort!—But, consider, Sir, that you might be for some twenty years an object of pity. Is it not better worth while being, during a like period, an object of admiration?"—The reader may care to be reminded that "Music won the cause,"—and that, after his chess-triumph, Philidor virtually adopted the counsels of his correspondent, returned to Paris, and became famous in the theatres. He attempted sacred music from time to time with less success. We are assured by M. Pougin that a setting by him of the 'Carmen Seculare' "had much success at London." Does any one recollect a note of the success?—or has any setting of Latin words (as distinct from hymns) of any great length ever succeeded anywhere? The grotesque part-song, 'Nominativo hic,' by Carissimi, is heard from time to time,—"Dulce Domum" belongs to every home which sends an English boy to a public school,—but we cannot believe generally in alcaics and iambics as propitious text for music. Here, again, is another text for classical antiquaries and musical gossips.

The *Gazette Musicale* declares that the Swedish *dilettanti* boast of having found a second Mdlle. Lind in another national songstress, Mdlle. Roeske.

A Correspondent of the *Times* states that a French opera is about to be established at Berlin. Other journals announce relencings of Austria in the case of foreign opera, and declare that Signor Salvi has been privileged to open any theatre he pleases with Italian performances. The one winter novelty all Germany over will be 'Dinorah.'

"The Church," which ebbs and flows in the matter of musical severity as belonging to its ritual, has been just seized with one of its restrictive moods in Vienna. Foreign journals state that a reform is to take place there in the solemnization of the Mass, from which instruments (save the organ) are to be forthwith excluded. If this be more than a passing spasm, the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Hummel are virtually abolished by such edict.—Those interested in this subject may be referred to a late *feuilleton*, by M. d'Ortigue, in *Le Journal des Débats*, which is full of sagacious remark, touching especially on the strange transposition of styles in Music. It is noticeable, as the writer observes, that while every endeavour is now made to lighten, vary and secularize modern service-music expressly composed for the rite,—composers who present devotion scenically, otherwise as taking part in scenes of stage-emotion, produce that which is so solid and severe as to befit the gravest days of Church composition. This is borne out by instances cited from 'Herculanum,' 'Faust' (in which the organ symphony is

of the highest quality), and 'Le Pardon,' from which opera by M. Meyerbeer "The Church" has been very glad to transplant the chaunt of pilgrimage into its less profane choir-books. There is something in such a measure savouring of expediency at variance with good taste and true reverence;—even if it be urged that as Opera began in religious houses, religious houses are justified in furnishing themselves from the stores of Opera whenever it shall suit them so to do.

The Hull Theatre was destroyed by fire a few evenings since.

#### MISCELLANEA

*An Early Dutch Exhibition.*—When the European world was younger by a couple of centuries, it was not quite so exacting with regard to its amusements. Its plays were performed without scenic and antiquarian accessories; its conjurers were grinning jack-puddings, and not grave professors surrounded by the productions of the highest mechanical art, and aided by all the appliances of advanced science; its theatres were barns; its exhibitions were simple and unrefined; and its museums were mixed collections of the most discordant elements. To those who have seen many Expositions of the Industry of All Nations, who have made the "grand tour" within the last ten years, or who have "read up" the attractions of foreign cities in the ample pages of countless guide-books and travelling records, a leaf taken from an old catalogue of the "choicest rarities in the publick theater and Anatomie Hall of the University of Leyden" (about 1699) may not prove uninteresting. Amongst forty-two articles that "might be seen in the entrance," I find such anatomical curiosities as the "skeleton of a young whale cut out of the old one's belly,"—"the bone of the hinder part of the head of a large old whale,"—"the snout of an unknown fish, from Brazil,"—"Two horns of an Outlandish Ox,"—"and the halberd of the snout of a saw-fish." Mixed up with these animal relics are a number of garments, such as—"A pair of Polonian boots,"—"A pair of Lapland's breeches,"—"A Muscovian monk's hood, and a Muscovian shirt,"—"together with "a Lapland's cunger drumme and a pair of Shooes, given by Everhard Gnootsman." India is represented in this division of the collection by "some Dats"; Norway, by "a house built of beams without mortar or stone"; the "Straites of St. David," by "a leather'n boat"; the Chinese, by "warlike arms," including "a great falchion, or hooked sword"; and our own country, I am sorry to say, by "A Modell of a Murthering-knife found in Engeland, Whereon was written, Kill the males, rost the faneles, and burn the whelps." Above this entrance-hall, in the "Anatomie Chamber," were "some monstrous bones,"—"the teeth of a whale,"—"and the skeleton of a bear"; while about the circle of the theatre were "placed these following rarities":—"The skeleton of a cow, a wolf, and a baboon,"—"the skeleton of an Asse upon which sit's a woman that killed her daughter,"—"the skeleton of a hog, an ape, a tiger, a buck-goat, another bear, a hart, a dog, a horse, a sheep, a ferret, a greyhound, an otter, and a "partridge Dogg,"—"the skeleton of a woman of 17 years old who murdered her son,"—"The skeleton of a gardiner that hang'd himself,"—"The skeleton of a Pirat,"—"of a "sheep stealer of Haerlem,"—"of a "Captain servant hanged in the Hague,"—"of a "woman called Catherine of Hamburg, strangled for theft,"—"and of a "man sitting upon an ox executed for stealing of cattle." To these sights in this Dutch Chamber of Horrors are added "two blue coat soldiers, in their skins," and the "skeleton of a Lepus Marinus, a fish inhabiting the muddiest part of the sea, and casteth [mucus] out of its mouth." About the "beames and wal of the theater" were the following rarities, amongst many others:—"The skin of a Man Tann'd,"—"An unknown Sea-fish,"—"The bladder of a man containing four stoop (which is something above two Eng. gallons) of water,"—"The skin of a man dressed as parchment,"—"An arm, legg, and the scull of a thief hang'd,"—"The effigies of a Prusian peasant, who swallowed a knife of ten inches length which was cut out of his stomach, and he lived eight years afterwards,"—"The entrailles of a man of

which is made a shirt,"—"The skin of a woman perpar'd like leather,"—"Two peeces of the beard of a young whale, caught before Zirickzee,"—"4 or 5 China songs,"—"and the "stomach of a man, and of a hogge." In the "Presse A. on the North Side" was a much greater variety of "rarities." Amongst many other articles displayed were, "Six stones taken out of the bladder of old Professor Joh. Heaun,"—"A pot in which is China beer" [most probably tea],—"A Roman lamp which burnes alwayes under Ground,"—"A mushroom above 100 yeares old, which grew on the bank of the Haerlemer Meer,"—"An hand of a Mermaide,"—"A foot of a sea monster,"—"the hand and foot of a Mumie,"—"a thunderbolt, a Persian tobacco-pipe, and a petrified toad-stool." In the "Presse B." there was "A Man whole in his muscles and tendons very curiously set up by Professor Stalpert vander Wiel." In the "Press C," the "Case D," the "Cupboard E," and the "Case F," there were a number of "skeletons of animals,"—"A little box, wherein is some bloud of a Cocodile,"—"A piece of bread of a new and unknown meale,"—"A Mallet or hammer that the Savages in New Yorke kill with,"—"A stone taken out of the Stomach of a goose, brought from the Straites of Magellane,"—"a very curious collection of animal bladders,"—"a few more animal skeletons,"—"A drinking cup of the skull of a Moor, killed in the beleaguering of Haerlem,"—"A Shephard's pipe from the Iland Maltha,"—"A wooden Effigies of Osiris, whom the Egyptians worshipped as a god, it's now almost consumed with age,"—"Two ears of a thief hanged,"—"and "The tongue of a thief hanged." Passing over "Press G," "Case H," "Case K," and coming to "Case I," we find "A young thief hanged, being the bridegroom whose bride stood under the gallows, very curiously set up in his ligments, by P. S. v. Wiel, the younger." In "the great Cupboard L. on the north side of the Anatomie," were a "pair of Russian shoes,"—"a pair of slippers from Syam,"—"A box of white powder, with which the Indians and Italians use to make the haire fall off,"—"A pair of shoes made of man's leather,"—"A Roman lamp which burned eternally,"—"A piece of rhubarb grown in shape of a dog's head,"—"The liver of a man in which is grown a stone like a ball,"—"A basket wherein are Crocodile's eggs,"—"Another basket in which is Muscovian and other Country money,"—"and a loaf turned into stone." Passing over "Cupboard M," in which are more skeletons, and the "great case underneath the Circuit," in which are "all sorts of beasts, as cats, dogs, rats, moles, squirrels, &c.,"—"we finish with a "small chamber in which is a French Nobleman who murdered his sister, was beheaded in Paris, and bestowed on the Anatomie by D. Bils,"—"the skeleton of a man on horse-back,"—"the head of a sea-horse,"—"three fondelings in their skins,"—"and a man beheaded at Gouda very curiously set up, by Prof. Nuck." What place such a motley collection of "rarities" ought to take in the history of national Exhibitions, I leave more competent authorities than myself to decide; but I cannot help thinking that this old catalogue, if rightly read, has given us some glimpses of the state of Dutch science in 1699. The ignorant, simple wonder with which the commonest foreign articles are regarded, and the notions seemingly held as to foreign manners and customs, do not say much for the educational advancement of our swampy neighbours at the close of the seventeenth century, who at that time took rank amongst the first maritime powers of the world. J. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. I. M.—F. C. B.—E. R.—W. J.—C. W.—R. S.—R. H.—I. D. F.—A. P.—received.

Mr. Kavanagh asks for another "last word," in order to "show that not only is there a connexion between the imperfect subjunctive and the infinitive, which you deny, but also to show that the imperfect subjunctive is derived, though not by a direct process, from the infinitive. I do not know," he adds, "any reason to doubt that the *re* of the infinitive is the element of the verb *to Be*, which appears in Latin as *esse* and *sey-n* in German. Zumpt will insist that the *r* in *Amare* is the same *r* as in *Anarein*. Of course it does not follow that *Anarein* was immediately generated from *Amare*; it is more probable, says the learned Dean of Faculty of Arts and Laws of University College, London, that from *Re* came *Rem*, the *Amare* was made out of *Amare* and *Re*; *Amarein* out of *Amare* and *Rem*."—We have nothing to add: *Dicimus!*

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